Miſcellany Poems.

Containing a New

TRANSLATION

OF

VIRGILLS Eclogues,
OVID'S Love Elegies,
Odes of *HORACE*,
And OTHER AUTHORS;

WITH SEVERAL

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the moſt Eminent Hands.

Et Vos, O Lauri, *carpam, & Te, proxima* Myrte:
Sic poſitæ quoniam ſuaveis miſcetis odores.
Virg. *Ecl.* 2.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges-head* in *Chancery-Lane* near Fleet-ſtreet, 1684.

A

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MACK

Mac Flecknoe.

ALL humane things are ſubject to decay,
And, when Fate ſummons, Monarchs muſt obey:
This *Fleckno* found, who, like *Auguſtus*, young
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
In Proſe and Verſe, was own'd, without diſpute
Through all the Realms of *Non-ſenſe*, abſolute.
This aged Prince now flouriſhing in Peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe,
Worn out with buſineſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the ſucceſſion of the State:
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit;
Cry'd, 'tis reſolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
Should onely rule, who moſt reſembles me:

Sh—— alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullneſs from his tender years.
Sh—— alone, of all my Sons, is he
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—— never deviates into ſenſe.
Some Beams of Wit on other ſouls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid intervall;
But *Sh*——'s genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Beſides his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs Majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as Monarch Oakes, that ſhade the plain,
And, ſpread in ſolemn ſtate, ſupinely reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of thee,
Thou laſt great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way;
And courſly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom ſtrung
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I ſung,

Was

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver *Thames* did'ſt cut thy way,
With well tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celeſtial charge;
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Hoſt,
The like was ne'er in *Epſom* Blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well ſharpned thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble ſqueaks for fear, the Baſes roar:
Echoes from *Piſſing-Ally*, *Sh*—— call,
And *Sh*—— they reſound from *A*— *Hall*.
About thy boat the little Fiſhes throng,
As at the Morning Toaſt, that Floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
Thou weild'ſt thy Papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. *Andre*'s feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Pſyche*'s rhime:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excell;
So juſt, ſo like tautology they fell,

That, pale with envy, *Singleton* forſwore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act *Villerius* more.
Here ſtopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy
In ſilent raptures of the hopefull boy.
All arguments, but moſt his Plays, perſwade,
That for anointed dullneſs he was made.

Cloſe to the Walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once; but now, ſo Fate ordains,
Of all the Piſe an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys.
Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by Watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a Nurſery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defy.

Great

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnſon* dares in Socks appear.
But gentle *Simkin* juſt reception finds
Amidſt this Monument of vaniſht minds:
Pure Clinches, the ſuburbian Muſe affords;
And *Panton* waging harmleſs War with words.
Here *Fleckno*, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his *Sh*——'s Throne.
For ancient *Decker* propheſi'd long ſince,
That in this Pile ſhould Reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a ſcourge of Wit, and flayle of Senſe:
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome *Pſyches* owe,
But Worlds of *Miſers* from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and Hypocrites it ſhould produce,
Whole *Raymond* families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empreſs *Fame* had publiſht the renown,
Of *Sh*——'s Coronation through the Town.
Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-Hill*, and diſtant *Watling-ſtreet*.
No *Perſian* Carpets ſpread th' Imperial way,
But ſcatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:

From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh*—— almost choakt the way.
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *H*— — — was Captain of the Guard.
The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullness plaid arround his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Sworn by his *Syre* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*—— swore, nor should his Vow bee vain,
That he till Death true dullness would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The King himself the sacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;

Love's

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway;
Whoſe righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe Loyns recorded *Pſyche* ſprung.
His Temples laſt with Poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head:
Juſt at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis ſung, by *Tyber*'s *Brook*,
Preſage of Sway from twice ſix Vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The *Syre* then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full on the filial dullneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his Breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetick mood:
Heavens bleſs my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To farr *Barbadoes* on the Weſtern main;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne.

Beyond loves Kingdom let him ſtretch his Pen;
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen.*
Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs Induſtry.
Let *Virtuoſo's* in five years be Writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toyl of wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their folly ſhew the Writers wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtifie their Author's want of ſenſe.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dullneſs, and deſire no foreign aid:
That they to future ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but Iſſue of thy own.
Nay let thy men of wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name;
But let no alien *S—dl—y* interpoſe
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epſom* proſe.

And

And when falſe flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'ſt cull,
Truſt Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal's* oratory will be thine.
Sir *Formal*, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnſon's* Hoſtile name.
Let Father *Fleckno* fire thy mind with praiſe,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnſon* has no part;
What ſhare have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander's* vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in *Pſyche's* humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he Bargains, Whip-ſtitch, kiſs my Arſe,
Promis'd a Play and dwindled to a Farce?
When did his Muſe from *Fletcher* ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridg* doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.

This

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boaſted Byas of thy mind,
By which one way, to dullneſs, 'tis inclin'd.
Which makes thy writings lean on oneſide ſtill,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A Tun of Man in thy Large bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muſe gives ſmiles, thy Comick ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thy ſelf to write,
Thy inoffenſive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Iriſh* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuſe for thy command
Some peaceſull Province in Acroſtick Land.
There thou maiſt wings diſplay and Altars raiſe,
And torture one poor word Ten thouſand ways.

Or

Or if thou would'ſt thy diff'rent talents ſuit,
Set thy own Songs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid, but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking he left his Drugget robe behind,
Born upwards by A ſubterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.

FINIS.

ABSA-

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

——Si Propiùs ſtes
Te Capiet Magis——

The Sixth Edition; Augmented and Reviſed.

LONDON,
Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, at the *Judges-Head*, in *Chancery-lane*, near *Fleet-ſtreet*. 1683.

TO THE READER.

'TIS *not my intention to make an Apology for my* Poem: *Some will think it needs no Excuſe; and others will receive none. The Deſign, I am ſure, is honeſt: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, muſt expect to make Enemies of the other. For,* Wit *and* Fool, *are Conſequents of* Whig *and* Tory: *And every man is a Knave or an Aſs to the contrary ſide. There's a Treaſury of Merits in the* Phanatick Church, *as well as in the* Papiſt; *and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintſhip, Honeſty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longeſt Chapter in* Deuteronomy, *has not Curſes enough for an Anti-*Bromingham. *My Comfort is, their manifeſt Prejudice to my Cauſe, will render their Judgement of leſs Authority againſt me. Yet if a* Poem *have a* Genius, *it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a ſweetneſs in good Verſe, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleaſes him againſt his will. The Commendation of Adverſaries, is the greateſt Triumph of a Writer; becauſe it never comes unleſs Extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſie*

terms;

terms: If I happen to pleaſe the more Moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt Party; and, in all probability, of the beſt Judges: for, the leaſt Concern'd, are commonly the leaſt Corrupt. And, I confeſs, I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the Satyr *(where Juſtice woud allow it) from carrying too ſharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worſt, may be convinc'd, at their own Coſt, that I can write Severely, with more eaſe, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at ſome mens Follies, when I coud have declaim'd againſt their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious* Reader, *I expect you ſhould return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Profeſſions, God forgive you* Common-wealths men, *for Profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the Government. You cannot be ſo Unconſcionable, as to charge me for not Subſcribing of my Name; for that woud reflect too groſly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to ſecure them. If you like not my* Poem, *the fault may, poſſibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge againſt himſelf;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both ſides, will condemn the Character of* Abſalom, *as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confeſs freely, I have*

have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and, David *himſelf, could not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, ſince the moſt excellent natures are always the moſt eaſie; and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill Counſels, eſpecially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of* Achitophel, *than it was for* Adam, *not to have reſiſted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The concluſion of the Story, I purpoſely forbore to proſecute: becauſe, I could not obtain from my ſelf, to ſhew* Abſalom *Unfortunate. The Frame of it, was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waſte; and, if the Draught be ſo far true, 'tis as much as I deſign'd.*

Were I the Inventor, who am onely the Hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Abſalom *to* David. *And, who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There ſeems, yet, to be room left for a Compoſure; hereafter, there may onely be for Pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt* Achitophel; *but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with* Origen, *that the Devil himſelf may, at laſt, be ſav'd. For which reaſon, in this* Poem, *he is neither brought to ſet his Houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his Perſon afterwards, as he in Wiſedom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely merciſull; and his Vicegerent is onely not ſo, becauſe he is not Infinite.*

The true end of Satyr. *is the amendment of Vices*

by correction. And he who writes Honeſtly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Phyſician to the Patient, when he preſcribes harſh Remedies to an inveterate Diſeaſe: for thoſe, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an Enſe reſcindendum, *which I wiſh not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural in my weak judgment, an Act of* Oblivion *were as neceſſary in a Hot, Diſtemper'd State, as an* Opiate *would be in a Raging Fever.*

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOUR

Of this EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as Earneſt of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theme is vaſt, your Verſe divinely good:
Where, thô the Nine their beauteous ſtroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all Serenely Great, ſo Juſt, refin'd,
Like Angels love to Humane Seed enclin'd,
It ſtarts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit ſeen, whoſe fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis minuture of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World woud be, but wants the Art:
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe.

As if a *Milton* from the dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the Ruſt, and the right Party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the Gloomy ſay,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Puſh on your Theme,
Lean your griev'd head on *David*'s Diadem.
David that rebel *Iſraels* envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.

The beauties of your *Abſalom* excell:
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
Of *Annabel*, than *May*'s firſt Morn more bright,
Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and chaſt as Winter's (Night.
Of *Annabel* the Muſes deareſt Theme,
Of *Annabel* the Angel of my dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Maſter piece theſe Shadows ſend.

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOUR
Of this
ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boaſted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madneſs did accuſe
The wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inſpire
With more than humane thoughts the tunefull Quire;
But ſure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers ſlumbring by the Muſes ſtream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly droſs, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witneſs theſe mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th'informing Genius ſhines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inſpir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing.

Not *David*'s ſelf could in a nobler Verſe
His gloriouſly offending Son rehearſe,
Thô in his Breaſt the Prophet's Fury met.
The Father's Fondneſs, and the Poet's Wit.

Here all conſent in Wonder and in Praiſe,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raiſe.
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Æneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs and unſeen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of Fame,
Nor want'ſt new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father elſe woud have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like *Abſalon*?

R. D.

TO

TO THE CONCEAL'D AUTHOUR

Of this INCOMPARABLE POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
The Glory of our I'le and of our Age.
Th' inſpiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
The North at length teems with a Work to vie
With *Homer*'s Flame and *Virgil*'s Majeſty.
While *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet ſought,
(His raviſht Mind with vaſt *Idea*'s fraught)
Our Language fail'd beneath his riſing Thought;
This checks not his Attempt, for *Maro*'s Mines,
He dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines;
Through each of which the *Mantuan Genius* ſhines.
The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull *Hebrew* Guide,
Her flinty Breaſt diſſolv'd into a Tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn Language he prevails,
And makes the *Helicon* in which he ſails.
The Dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
And, with his Poem, a new ſpeech preſents.

Hail then thou matchleſs Bard, thou great Unknown,
That give your Country Fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain——for ev'ry where your Praiſe you find,
And not to meet it, you muſt ſhun Mankind.
Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
And ev'n the Factious give your Verſe applauſe,
Whoſe Lightning ſtrikes to ground their Idol Cauſe.
The Cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a Flood
Of Civil Gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal-bloud:
The Cauſe whoſe growth to cruſh, our Prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our *Hero*'s fought.
Yet by one Stabb of your keen Satyr dies:
Before your Sacred Lines their Shatter'd *Dagon* lies.
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
The Sire, to whom this Lovely Birth we owe:
(Deny'd our ready Homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankfull be by gueſs:)
This hope remains, —May *David*'s God-like Mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the Unknown Authour find:
And, having found, ſhow'r equal Favours down
On Wit ſo vaſt as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. T.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious Times, e'er Prieſt-Craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man on many, multipli'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, curſedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deni'd
Promiſcuous uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variouſly, impart.

To

To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungratefull to the Tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral Mothers bore
To God-like *David,* ſeveral Sons before.
But, ſince like Slaves his Bed they did aſcend,
No true Succeſſion cou'd their Seed attend.
Of all the Numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, ſo Brave as *Abſalon:*
Whether, inſpir'd by ſome diviner Luſt,
His Father got him with a greater Guſt;
Or that his Conſcious Deſtiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States alli'd to *Iſrael*'s Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And ſeem'd as he were onely born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompani'd with grace;
And *Paradiſe* was open'd in his face.

With

With ſecret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deni'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes, which the Law forbore,
Where conſtru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon*'s Murther, by a ſpecious Name,
Was call'd a Juſt Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undiſturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But Life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heav'n puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The *Jews*, a Head-ſtrong, Moody, Murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with eaſe,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd pleaſe;
(Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That God-ſmiths cou'd produce, or Prieſts deviſe:)
Theſe *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty,

And

And when no rule, no preſident was found,
Of men, by Laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh *Iſhboſheth* the Crown forego;
Who baniſht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General ſhout, proclaim'd him King:
Thoſe very *Jews*, who, at their very beſt,
Their Humour more than Loyalty expreſt,
Now, wondred why, ſo long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruine him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But theſe were random Bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor Intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign;
And, looking backward with a wiſe afright,
Saw Seams of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly Scars,
They curſt the memory of Civil Wars.

The

The moderate ſort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Ballance to the better ſide:
And, *David*'s mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to Rebell.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The carefull Devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill deſires;
The Good Old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites:* the Town ſo call'd from them;
And their's the Native right——
But when the choſen People grew more ſtrong,
The rightfull cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weakn'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David*'s Government:
Impoveriſh't and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they loſt their Land;

And,

And, what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their Gods diſgrac'd, and burnt like Common Wood.
This ſet the Heathen Prieſthood in a flame;
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame:
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewiſh Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honeſt Men and wiſe:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nations Curſe,
Bad in it ſelf, but repreſented worſe.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the Maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some Truth there was, but daſh't and brew'd with Lies,
To pleaſe the Fools, and puzzle all the Wiſe.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

Th'

Th' *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebuſites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſav'ry Deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for Worſhip and for Food.
By force they could not Introduce theſe Gods;
For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers Trade,)
Fools are more hard to conquer than Perſwade.
Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
Which *Hebrew Prieſts* the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to ſlay
By Guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our Authour ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Senſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lake ſoon floats into a Floud;
And ev'ry hoſtile Humour, which before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o'er:

So,

So, ſeveral factions from this firſt Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought
Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not riſe. (wiſe,
Some had in Courts been Great, & thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tie.
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt:
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high,

He

He ſought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
Would Steer to nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near ally'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needfull hours of Reſt?
Puniſh a Body which he cou'd not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Eaſe?
And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Friendſhip falſe, implacable in Hate:
Reſolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
To Compaſs this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety ſhook:
And fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Uſurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
So eaſie ſtill it proves in Factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancell private Crimes:

How ſafe is Treaſon, and how ſacred Ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deſerv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Statſeman we abhor, but praiſe the Judge.
In *Iſrael*'s Courts ne'er ſat an *Abbethdin*
With more diſcerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unſought, the Wretched to redreſs;
Swift of Diſpatch, and eaſie of Acceſs.
Oh, had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With Virtues onely proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankneſs of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſt the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had ſtrung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawfull Fame, and lazy Happineſs;
Diſdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arme to ſhake the Tree.

Now,

Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown; and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtning Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite.*
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebell.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalon:*
Not, that he wiſh'd his Greatneſs to create,
(For Polititians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:

That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venome, in ſuch words as theſe.

Auſpicious Prince, at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in every diſtant Age,
Has excercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Viſion, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?

Content

Content inglorioufly to paſs thy days
Like one of Virtues Fools that feeds on Praiſe;
Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n, has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:
But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you Spring
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heaven's Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsfull Youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:

Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on *Jordan*'s Sand
The joyfull People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our onely bleſſing ſince his curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh*'s doubtfull Succour he ſhould uſe,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incenſe the *Jews*:
Proud *Ægypt* wou'd diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King:
Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh*'s Arms, t' aſſiſt the *Jebuſite*;
Or if they ſhou'd, their Intereſt ſoon wou'd break,
And, with ſuch odious Aid, make *David* weak.

All

All ſorts of men, by my ſucceſsfull Arts,
Abhorring Kings, eſtrange their alter'd Hearts
From *David*'s Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Iſrael* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a General gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair onely to the ſight, but ſolid Pow'r:
And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a ſucceſſive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.

What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Cœleſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.

Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels. Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Virtues ways;
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Blood within him ſtruggled ſtill)
He thus Reply'd.—And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unqueſtion'd Right:
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
Good, Gracious, Juſt, Obſervant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonders has eſpous'd his Cauſe.
Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign?
Who ſues for Juſtice to his Throne in Vain?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Juſt Revenge did to his Wrath expoſe?
Mild, Eaſie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averſe from Blood.
If Mildneſs ill with Stubborn *Iſrael* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?

Let

Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curſe with ſuch a Reign,
His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
If *David*'s Rule *Jeruſalem* Diſpleaſe,
The *Dog ſtar* heats their Brains to this Diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and reſtrain my Hands:
The People might aſſert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and out-runs Deſire;
What more can I expect while *David* lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, ſaid,
Is Juſtly deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawfull Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend;
Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that ſhall end.

His

His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiouſly Inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David*'s Part diſdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, Whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God-like Sin.

Him

Him Staggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:
Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?
Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Virtue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh Grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin ſhall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome Expenſive War;

Which

Which when his Treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy
His faithfull Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears,
Call *Jebuſites*; and *Pharaoh*'s Penſioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt:
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can releive,
Better one ſuffer than a Nation grieve.

The

The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they choſe,
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heav'n ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their Poſterity.
Or let his Kindneſs by th' Effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aſide.
God ſaid he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a Flock as *Iſrael.*
Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may bluſh to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:

Perhaps

Perhaps th'old Harp on which he thrums his Lays:
Or ſome dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praiſe.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wiſe,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Diſguiſes of your Arts,
And markes your Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who leaſt complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep diſſembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his Diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the laſt, his time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Proſtrate Vulgar, paſſes o'er, and Spares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Caſe no tame Expedients will afford:
Reſolve on Death, or Conqueſt by the Sword,
Which for no leſs a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldeſt Law.
Leave the warm People no Conſidering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.

Prevail

Prevail your ſelf of what Occaſion gives,
But trie your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whoſe Sacred Life each minute would Expoſe,
To Plots, from ſeeming Friends, and ſecret Foes.
And who can ſound the depth of *David*'s Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindneſs may Controll.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by Force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery, to ſeem Conſtrain'd:
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the Frown,
Commit a pleaſing Rape upon the Crown.
Secure his Perſon to ſecure your Cauſe;
They who poſſeſs the Prince, poſſeſs the Laws.

He ſaid, And this Advice above the reſt,
With *Abſalom*'s Mild Nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition ſet aſide,)
Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride.

How

How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high!
His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
And bleſt all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatneſs, ſince ſo few refuſe;
'Tis Juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandiſhments to gain the publick Love;
To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly proſecute the Plot.
To further this *Achitophel* Unites
The Male-contents of all the *Iſraelites:*
Whoſe differing Parties he could wiſely Joyn,
For ſeveral Ends, to ſerve the ſame Deſign.
The Beſt, and of the Princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Miſtaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but ſeduc'd by Impious Arts.
By theſe the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they Crack't the Government.
The next for Int'reſt ſought t' embroil the State,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate;

And

And make their *Jewiſh* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to ſerve their own.
Others thought Kings an uſeleſs heavy Load,
Who Coſt too much, and did too little Good.
Theſe were for laying Honeſt *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not onely hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treaſon bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Reſtor'd;
Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebuſites* to be Out done.
Hot *Levites* Headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Crie,
Purſu'd their old belov'd Theocracie.
Where Sanhedrin and Prieſt enſlav'd the Nation,
And juſtifi'd their Spoils by Inſpiration:

For who ſo fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
Theſe led the Pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt mouth'd againſt the Government.
A numerous Hoſt of dreaming Saints ſucceed;
Of the true old Enthuſiaſtick Breed:
'Gainſt Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
Nothing to Build, and all things to Deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the Herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Theſe out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the ſame blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebuſite* did hate:
Born to be ſav'd, even in their own deſpight;
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the firſt Rank of theſe did *Zimri* ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.

Stiff

Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was Every thing by ſtarts, and Nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, States-Man and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who coud every hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual Themes;
And both (to ſhew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In ſquandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Deſert.
Beggar'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from Court; then ſought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, ſpight of him, the weight of Buſineſs fell
On *Abſalom*, and wiſe *Achitophel:*
Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verſe.
Wits, Warriors, Common wealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the reſt.
And therefore, in the name of Dulneſs, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paſchal Lamb.
Let Friendſhips holy Band ſome Names aſſure:
Some their own Worth, and ſome let Scorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the Raſcal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who coud Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treaſon Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The Wretch, who Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to Curſe:
Shimei, whoſe Youth did early Promiſe bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wiſely from Expenſive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curſe, unleſs againſt the Government.

Thus

Thus, heaping Wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Againſt his Maſter, choſe him Magiſtrate:
His Hand a Vare of Juſtice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treaſon was no Crime.
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himſelf:
When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
Againſt the Monarch of *Jeruſalem*,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them.
And, if they Curſt the King when he was by,
Would rather Curſe, than break good Company.
If any durſt his Factious Friends accuſe,
He pact a Jury of diſſenting *Jews*:
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly Cauſe,
Woud free the ſuff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are onely made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the King, and to protect his Foes.

If any leiſure time he had from Pow'r,
(Becauſe 'tis Sin to miſ-employ an hour:)
His Bus'neſs was, by Writing to perſwade,
That Kings were Uſeleſs, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more ſhun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaſte were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Groſſneſs of a City Feaſt abhor'd:
His Cooks, with long diſuſe, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the *Jews:*
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed is Servants well,
But free from Fleſh, that made the *Jews* rebell:
And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:

High

High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthy Vapours e'er they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Iſſue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high Race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God Almightie's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion and a *Moſes*'s Face.
His Memory miraculouſly great,
Coud Plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For humane Wit coud never ſuch deviſe.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But where the Witneſs fail'd, the Prophet ſpoke:

Some things like Viſionary flights appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign Univerſity.
His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence ſo well:
And ſuited to the temper of the Times;
Then groaning under *Jebuſitick* Crimes.
Let *Iſrael*'s Foes ſuſpect his Heav'nly call,
And raſhly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
Our Laws for ſuch affronts have Forfeits made:
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my ſelf in Witneſs *Corah*'s place,
The Wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Shoud whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his Perſon with indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag*'s Murther call:
In terms as courſe as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul.*

What others in his Evidence did join,
(The beſt that coud be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah*'s own predicament will fall:
For *Witneſs* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every ſort,
Deluded *Abſalom*, forſakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a Crown:
Th'admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his Goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſht out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e'er he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn

I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſh'd man, for your dear Cauſe
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone coud be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.

My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame:
And brib'd with petty ſums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why ſhould he his own, and yours betray?
He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:

No Court-Informer can theſe Arms accuſe;
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe;
And 'tis my wiſh the next Succeſſor's Reign
May make no other *Iſraelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, ſeldom fail:
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And Pity never ceaſes to be ſhown,
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believe their Kings oppreſs,)
With lifted hands their young *Meſſiah* bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain;
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a num'rous Train:
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplays:
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And Conſecrates the Place of his abode:
But hoſpitable Treats did moſt commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy Weſtern Friend.

This

This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other Ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts; diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And trie their ſtrength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
And Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh *Iſrael!* never warn'd by Ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of Health Imagine a Diſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themſelves and Sons, their native Sway?

Then

Then they are left defenceleſs to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe Laws deſtroy,
Yet if the Croud be Judge of Fit and Juſt,
And Kings are onely Officers in Truſt,
Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If thoſe who gave the Sceptre coud not tie
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then coud *Adam* bind his future Race?
How coud his forfeit on Mankind take place?
Or how coud Heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our Fathers Fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the Croud:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be diſſolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The Moſt may err, as groſly as the Few.

And

And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faſter out?
Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy:
And Share the madneſs of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take when e'er they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the God-heads Images,)
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.
Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a ſetled Throne woud ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them ſuffer more.
All others Errours but diſturb a Sate;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttreſs up the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.

To

To change Foundations, caſt the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who baſe Ends purſue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tampr'ing world is ſubject to this Curſe,
To Phyſick their Diſeaſe into a Worſe.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch, muſt be the Peoples Foes:
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praiſe.

In this ſhort File *Barzillai* firſt appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years:
Long ſince, the riſing Rebels he withſtood
In regions Waſte beyond the *Jordan*'s Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But ſinking underneath his Maſter's Fate:
In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.

The

The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which, well the Nobleſt Objects knew to chuſe,
The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muſe.
His Bed coud once a Fruitfull Iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a Father's Name is loſt.
His Eldeſt Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (ſo Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in Manhoods prime
B' unequal Fates, and Providences crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but ſhort the Time to run.
Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchleſs Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune ſtop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes unpuniſh'd never coud withſtand!

But

But *Iſrael* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now, free from Earth, thy diſencumbred Soul (Pole:
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry
From thence thy kindred Legions maiſt thou bring,
To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painfull flight;
No Pinions can purſue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy Soul ſhe ſhould have fled before;
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this Verſe
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from Heav'n, and ſee
If thou canſt find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the Prieſt, whom, ſhunning Pow'r and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David*'s Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jeruſalem*,
Of hoſpitable Soul, and noble Stem;

Him of the Weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by ſuch Example led,
To Learning and to Lyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To theſe ſucceed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who beſt coud plead, and beſt can judge a Cauſe.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers aſcend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muſes Friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: —In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David*'s Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought:
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Aſſemblies, who but onely try'd
The worſe a while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can doe.
Huſhai the Friend of *David* in diſtreſs,
In publick ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs;

By

By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And joyn'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis eaſie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Sovereign Power is too depreſt or high,
When Kings are forc'd to ſell or Crouds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel*'s praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reaſon Guided, and their Paſſion cool'd;
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a Loyal Nations Senſe,
That as their Band was *Iſrael*'s Tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher Charioteirs the Seat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe Careirs his ſteady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Miſguide the Seaſons, and miſtake the Way;

While he withdrawn at their mad Labour ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

Theſe were the chief; a ſmall but faithfull Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd ſuch powerfull Engines bent,
To batter down the Lawfull Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Succeſſor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witneſſes, improv'd.
Theſe Ills they ſaw, and as their Duty bound,
They ſhew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
That no Conceſſions from the Throne woud pleaſe;
But Lenitives fomented the Diſeaſe:
That *Abſalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
That falſe *Achitophel*'s pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worſe:
That *Shimei* taught *Jeruſalem* to Curſe.

With

With all theſe loads of Injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his carefull Breaſt
Th' event of things; at laſt, his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
The God-like *David* ſpoke; with awfull fear
His Train their Maker in their Maſter hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy ſway'd.
My wrongs diſſembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King aſſwage.
But now ſo far my Clemency they ſlight,
Th' Offenders queſtion my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my tenderneſs of Blood, my Fear:
Though Manly tempers can the Longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my Native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by Force.
Thoſe heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:

Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nations weight:
If my young *Sampſon* will pretend a Call
To ſhake the Column, let him ſhare the Fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame coud bear:
Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whoſe Modern ſenſe
Is one that woud by Law ſupplant his Prince:
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Abſalom*'s than *David*'s Cauſe?
His old Inſtructor, e'er he loſt his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with ſo much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:

Woud

Woud *They* impoſe an Heir upon the Throne?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
A King's at leaſt a part of Government;
And mine as requiſite as their Conſent:
Without my leave a future King to chooſe,
Infers a Right the Preſent to Depoſe:
True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
But *Eſau*'s Hands ſuit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My Pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to ſecúre, they take my Pow'r away.
From Plots and Treaſons Heav'n preſerve my Years,
But ſave me moſt from my Petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot Grant ſo much as they can Crave.
What then is left, but with a Jealous Eye
To guard the Small Remains of Royalty?
The Law ſhall ſtill direct my peacefull Sway,
And the Same Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more Eſtabliſh'd Pow'r controll,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundleſs Clamours ſhall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to puniſh e'er they Prove:

For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh, curs'd Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then ſhew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her Hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the terrour of her Front, and Die.
By their own Arts, 'tis Righteouſly Decreed,
Thoſe dire Artificers of Death ſhall bleed.
Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will Swear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
And ſuck for Nutriment that bloody gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall doe me Right:

Nor

Nor doubt th'event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe:
Retire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:
But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the Fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled might:
For Lawfull Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the ground.

He ſaid. Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was Reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their Lawfull Lord.

FINIS.

The Medall.

A SATYRE AGAINST SEDITION.

By the Author of *Abſalom* and *Achitophel.*

Per Graiûm *populos, mediæque per* Elidis *Urbem*
Ibat ovans; Divúm*que ſibi poſcebat Honores.*

The Second Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon,* at the *Judge's-Head* in *Chancery-lane,* near *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1683.

EPISTLE

To the

WHIGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this Poem, *with ſo much juſtice, as to you? 'Tis the repreſentation of your own Heroe: 'tis the Picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize ſo much in little. None of your Ornaments are wanting; neither the Landſcap of the Tower, nor the Riſing Sun; nor the* Anno Domini *of your New Sovereign's Coronation. This muſt needs be a gratefull undertaking to your whole Party: eſpecially to thoſe who have not been ſo happy as to purchaſe the Original. I hear the* Graver *has made a good Market of it: all his Kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder ſo inhanc'd, that many a poor* Polander, *who would be glad to worſhip the Image, is not able to go to the coſt of him: But muſt be content to ſee him here. I muſt confeſs I am no great Artiſt; but Sign-poſt painting will ſerve the turn to remember a Friend by; eſpecially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true: and though he ſate*

not

not five times to me, as he did to B. *yet I have conſulted Hiſtory; as the* Italian *Painters do, when they wou'd draw a* Nero *or a* Caligula; *though they have not ſeen the Man, they can help their Imagination by a Statue of him, and find out the Colouring from* Suetonius *and* Tacitus. *Truth is, you might have ſpar'd one ſide of your Medall: the Head wou'd be ſeen to more advantage, if it were plac'd on a Spike of the Tower; a little nearer to the Sun. Which wou'd then break out to better purpoſe. You tell us in your Preface to the* No-proteſtant Plot, *that you ſhall be forc'd hereafter to leave off your Modeſty: I ſuppoſe you mean that little which is left you: for it was worn to wrags when you put out this Medall. Never was there practis'd ſuch a piece of notorious Impudence in the face of an Eſtabliſh'd Government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in Thumb-Rings, as the* Turks *did* Scanderbeg; *as if there were virtue in his Bones to preſerve you againſt Monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not onely zeal for the Publick good, but a due veneration for the perſon of the King. But all men, who can ſee an inch before them, may eaſily detect thoſe groſs fallacies. That it is neceſſary for men in your circumſtances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raiſe a Faction. But I would ask you one civil queſtion, what right has any man among you, or any Aſſociation of men, (to come nearer to you,) who out of Parliament, cannot be conſider'd in a publick Capacity, to meet, as you daily do, in Factious Clubs, to vilify the Government, in your*

Diſ-

Diſcourſes, and to libel it in all your Writings? who made you Judges in Iſrael? *or how is it conſiſtent with your Zeal of the publick Welfare, to promote Sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to ſerve the King according to the Laws, allow you the licence of traducing the Executive Power, with which you own he is inveſted? You complain that his Majeſty has loſt the love and confidence of his People; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies, to make him loſe them. All good Subjects abhor the thought of Arbitrary Power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the Patriots you would ſeem, you would not at this rate incenſe the Multitude to aſſume it; for no ſober man can fear it, either from the King's Diſpoſition, or his Practice; or even, where you would odiouſly lay it, from his Miniſters. Give us leave to enjoy the Government and the benefit of Laws under which we were born, and which we deſire to tranſmit to our Poſterity. You are not the Truſtees of the publick Liberty: and if you have not right to petition in a Croud, much leſs have you to intermeddle in the management of Affairs; or to arraign what you do not like: which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reaſonable man will believe you reſpect the perſon of his Majeſty, when 'tis apparent that your Seditious Pamphlets are ſtuff'd with particular Reflexions on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis eaſy to be evinc'd from a thouſand Paſſages, which I onely forbear to quote, becauſe I deſire they ſhould die and be forgotten. I have perus'd many of your Papers;*

and

and to ſhew you that I have, the third part of your No-proteſtant Plot *is much of it ſtoln from your dead Authour's Pamphlet call'd, the* Growth of Popery; *as manifeſtly as* Milton's *defence of the* Engliſh *People, is from* Buchanan, de jure regni apud Scotos: *or your firſt Covenant, and new Aſſociation, from the holy League of the* French Guiſards. *Any one who reads* Davila, *may trace your Practices all along. There were the ſame pretences for Reformation, and Loyalty, the ſame Aſperſions of the King, and the ſame grounds of a Rebellion. I know not whether you will take the Hiſtorian's word, who ſays it was reported, that* Poltrot *a* Hugonot, *murther'd* Francis *Duke of* Guiſe *by the inſtigations of* Theodore Beza: *or that it was a* Hugonot *Miniſter, otherwiſe call'd a* Presbyterian, *(for our Church abhors ſo deviliſh a Tenet) who firſt writ a Treatiſe of the lawfullneſs of depoſing and murthering Kings, of a different Perſwaſion in Religion: But I am able to prove from the Doctrine of* Calvin, *and Principles of* Buchanan, *that they ſet the People above the Magiſtrate; which if I miſtake not, is your own Fundamental; and which carries your Loyalty no farther than your likeing. When a Vote of the Houſe of Commons goes on your ſide, you are as ready to obſerve it, as if it were paſs'd into a Law: But when you are pinch'd with any former, and yet unrepealed* Act of Parliament, *you declare that in ſame caſes, you will not be oblig'd by it. The Paſſage is in the ſame third part of the* No-proteſtant Plot; *and is too plain to be denied. The late Copy of your intended Aſſociation, you neither wholly*

wholly juſtify nor condemn; But, as the Papiſts, when they are unoppos'd, fly out into all the Pageantries of Worſhip; but in times of War, when they are hard preſs'd by Arguments, lie cloſe intrench'd behind the Council of Trent: *So, now, when your Affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal Combination, but whenſoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintain'd and juſtify'd to purpoſe. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the Sword: 'tis the proper time to ſay any thing, when men have all things in their power.*

In the mean time you wou'd fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Aſſociation, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth. *But there is this ſmall difference betwixt them, that the ends of one are directly oppoſite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation, and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the conſent, or knowledge of the King, againſt whoſe Authority it is manifeſtly deſign'd. Therefore you doe well to have recourſe to your laſt Evaſion, that it was contriv'd by your Enemies, and ſhuffled into the Papers that were ſeiz'd: which yet you ſee the Nation is not ſo eaſy to believe as your own Jury; But the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in* New-gate, *who wou'd acquit a Malefactour.*

I have one onely favour to deſire of you at parting, that when you think of anſwering this Poem, *you wou'd employ the ſame Pens againſt it, who have combated with ſo much ſucceſs againſt* Abſalom *and* Achitophel: *for then you may aſſure your ſelves of a clear Victory, without the leaſt reply. Raile at me*

abundantly; and, not to break a Cuſtome, doe it without wit: By this method you will gain a conſiderable point, which is wholly to wave the anſwer of my Arguments. Never own the botome of your Principles, for fear they ſhou'd be Treaſon. Fall ſeverely on the miſcarriages of Government; for if ſcandal be not allow'd, you are no freeborn ſubjects. If God has not bleſs'd you with the Talent of Rhiming, make uſe of my poor Stock and wellcome: let your Verſes run upon my feet: and for the utmoſt refuge of notorious Blockheads, reduc'd to the laſt extremity of ſenſe, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter deſpair of your own Satyre, make me Satyrize my ſelf. Some of you have been driven to this Bay already; But above all the reſt commend me to the Non-conformiſt Parſon, who writ the Whip and Key. *I am affraid it is not read ſo much as the Piece deſerves, becauſe the Bookſeller is every week crying help at the end of his* Gazette, *to get it off. You ſee I am charitable enough to doe him a kindneſs, that it may be publiſh'd as well as printed; and that ſo much skill in Hebrew Derivations, may not lie for Waſt-paper in the Shop. Yet I half ſuſpect he went no farther for his learning, than the Index of Hebrew Names and Etymologies, which are printed at the end of ſome* Engliſh *Bibles. If* Achitophel *ſignify the Brother of a Fool, the Authour of that Poem will paſs with his Readers for the next of kin. And perhaps 'tis the Relation that makes the kindneſs. Whatever the Verſes are; buy 'em up I beſeech you out of pity; for I hear the Conventicle is ſhut up, and the Brother of* Achitophel *out of ſervice.*

Now

Now Footmen, you know, have the generoſity to make a Purſe, for a Member of their Society, who has had his Livery pull'd over his Ears: and even Proteſtant Socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A Diſſenter in Poetry from Senſe and Engliſh, *will make as good a Proteſtant Rhymer, as a Diſſenter from the Church of* England *a Proteſtant Parſon. Beſides, if you encourage a young Beginner, who knows but he may elevate his ſtyle a little, above the vulgar Epithets of prophane, and ſawcy Jack, and Atheiſtick Scribler, with which he treats me, when the fit of Enthuſiaſm is ſtrong upon him: by which well-manner'd and charitable Expreſſions, I was certain of his Sect, before I knew his name. What wou'd you have more of a man? he has damn'd me in your Cauſe from* Geneſis *to the* Revelations: *And has half the Texts of both the* Teſtaments *againſt me, if you will be ſo civil to your ſelves as to take him for your Interpreter; and not to take them for* Iriſh *Witneſſes. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retain'd him onely for the opening of your Cauſe, and that your main Lawyer is yet behind. Now if it ſo happen he meet with no more reply than his Predeceſſours, you may either conclude, that I truſt to the goodneſs of my Cauſe, or fear my Adverſary, or diſdain him, or what you pleaſe, for the ſhort on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble ſervant, whatever your Party ſays or thinks of him.*

UPON THE

AUTHOUR

Of the Following

POEM.

ONCE more our awfull Poet Arms, t'engage
The threatning Hydra-Faction of the Age:
Once more prepares his dreadfull Pen to wield,
And ev'ry Muſe attends him to the Field:
By Art and Nature for this Task deſign'd,
Yet modeſtly the Fight He long declin'd;
Forbore the Torrent of his Verſe to pour,
Nor loos'd his Satyre till the needfull Hour:
His Sov'reign's Right by Patience half betray'd,
Wak'd his Avenging Genius to it's Aid.
Bleſt Muſe, whoſe Wit with ſuch a Cauſe was Crown'd,
And bleſt the Cauſe that ſuch a Champion found.

With

With choſen Verſe upon the Foe he falls,
And black Sedition in each Quarter galls;
Yet, like a Prince with Subjects forc't t' engage,
Secure of Conqueſt He rebates his Rage;
His Fury not without Diſtinction ſheds,
Hurls mortal Bolts but on devoted Heads:
To leſs infected Members gentle found,
Or ſpares, or elſe pours Balm into the Wound.
Such Gen'rous Grace th' ingratefull Tribe abuſe,
And treſpaſs on the Mercy of his Muſe;
Their wretched dogrell Rhimers forth they bring
To Snarle and Bark againſt the Poets King;
A Crew, that ſcandalize the Nation more
Than all their Treaſon-canting Prieſts before!
On theſe He ſcarce vouchſafes a ſcornfull ſmile,
But on their Pow'rfull Patrons turns his Style.
A Style ſo keen, as ev'n from Faction draws
The vital Poyſon, ſtabs to th' Heart their Cauſe.
Take then, great Bard, what Tribute we can raiſe;
Accept our Thanks, for you tranſcend our Praiſe.

TO THE UNKNOWN

AUTHOUR

Of the Following

POEM,

And that of

ABSALOM and *ACHITOPHEL.*

THUS pious ignorance, with dubious praiſe,
Altars of old to Gods unknown did raiſe;
They knew not the lov'd Deity, they knew
Divine effects a cauſe Divine bid ſhew;
Nor can we doubt, when ſuch theſe Numbers are,
Such is their cauſe, thô the worſt Muſe ſhall dare
Their ſacred worth in humble Verſe declare.

As gentle *Thames* charm'd with thy tunefull Song
Glides in a peacefull Majeſty along;
No rebel Stone, no lofty Bank does brave
The eaſie paſſage of his ſilent wave,

So

So, ſacred Poet, ſo thy Numbers flow,
Sinewy, yet mild as happy Lovers woe;
Strong, yet harmonious too as Planets move,
Yet ſoft as Down upon the Wings of Love;
How ſweet does Vertue in your dreſs appear?
How much more charming, when much leſs ſevere?
Whilſt you our ſenſes harmleſly beguile,
With all th' allurements of your happy Style;
Y' inſinuate Loyalty with kind deceit,
And into ſenſe th' unthinking Many cheat:
So the ſweet *Thracian* with his charming lyre
Into rude Nature virtue did inſpire;
So he the ſavage herd to reaſon drew,
Yet ſcarce ſo ſweet, ſo charmingly as you:
Oh, that you would with ſome ſuch powerfull Charm,
Enervate *Albion* to juſt valour warm!
Whether much ſuffering *Charles* ſhall Theme afford,
Or the great Deeds of God-like *James*'s Sword;
Again fair *Gallia* might be ours, again
Another Fleet might paſs the ſubject Main;
Another *Edward* lead the *Britains* on,
Or ſuch an *Oſſory* as you did moan;
While in ſuch Numbers you, in ſuch a ſtrain,
Inflame their courage, and reward their pain.
Let falſe *Achitophel* the rout engage,
Talk eaſie *Abſalom* to rebel rage;
Let frugal *Shimei* curſe in holy Zeal,
Or modeſt *Corah* more new Plots reveal;
Whilſt conſtant to himſelf, ſecure of fate,
Good *David* ſtill maintains the Royal State;

Thô each in vain ſuch various ills employs,
Firmly he ſtands, and even thoſe ills enjoys;
Firm as fair *Albion* midſt the raging Main
Surveys encircling danger with diſdain.
In vain the Waves aſſault the unmov'd ſhore,
In vain the Winds with mingled fury rore,
Fair *Albion*'s beauteous Cliffs ſhine whiter than before.
Nor ſhalt thou move, thô Hell thy fall conſpire,
Thô the worſe rage of Zeal's Fanatick Fire;
Thou beſt, thou greateſt of the *Britiſh* race,
Thou onely fit to fill Great *Charles* his place.
Ah wretched *Britains!* ah too ſtubborn Iſle!
Ah ſtiff-neck't *Iſrael* on bleſt *Canaan's* ſoyl!
Are thoſe dear proofs of Heaven's Indulgence vain,
Reſtoring *David* and his gentle Reign?
Is it in vain thou all the Goods doſt know
Auſpicious Stars on Mortals ſhed below,
While all thy ſtreams with Milk, thy Lands with
(Honey flow?
No more, fond Iſle! no more thy ſelf engage,
In civil fury, and inteſtine rage;
No rebel Zeal thy duteous Land moleſt,
But a ſmooth Calm ſooth every peacefull breaſt,
While in ſuch Charming notes Divinely ſings,
The beſt of Poets, of the beſt of Kings.

THE

The Medall.

A

SATYRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

OF all our Antick Sights, and Pageantry
Which *Engliſh* Idiots run in crouds to ſee,
The *Poliſh Medall* bears the prize alone:
A Monſter more the Favourite of the Town
Than either Fairs or Theatres have ſhown.
Never did Art ſo well with Nature ſtrive;
Nor ever Idol ſeem'd ſo much alive:

So like the Man; ſo golden to the ſight,
So baſe within, ſo counterfeit and light.
One ſide is fill'd with Title and with Face;
And, leſt the King ſhou'd want a regal Place,
On the reverſe, a Tow'r the Town ſurveys;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams diſplays.
The Word, pronounc'd aloud by Shrieval voice,
Lætamur, which, in *Poliſh*, is *rejoyce*.
The Day, Month, Year, to the great Act are join'd:
And a new Canting Holiday deſign'd.
Five daies he ſate, for every caſt and look;
Four more than God to finiſh *Adam* took.
But who can tell what Eſſence Angels are,
Or how long Heav'n was making *Lucifer*?
Oh, cou'd the Style that copy'd every grace,
And plough'd ſuch furrows for an Eunuch face,
Cou'd it have form'd his ever-changing Will,
The various Piece had tir'd the Graver's Skill!
A Martial Heroe firſt, with early care,
Blown, like a Pigmee by the Winds, to war.
A beardleſs Chief, a Rebel, e'er a Man:
(So young his hatred to his Prince began.)

Next this, (How wildly will Ambition ſteer!)
A Vermin, wriggling in th' Uſurper's Ear.
Bart'ring his venal wit for ſums of gold
He caſt himſelf into the Saint-like mould;
Groan'd, ſigh'd and pray'd, while Godlineſs was gain;
The lowdeſt Bagpipe of the Squeaking Train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a Juggler's Eyes,
His open lewdneſs he cou'd ne'er diſguiſe.
There ſplit the Saint: for Hypocritique Zeal
Allows no Sins but thoſe it can conceal.
Whoring to Scandal gives too large a ſcope:
Saints muſt not trade; but they may interlope.
Th' ungodly Principle was all the ſame;
But a groſs Cheat betrays his Partner's Game.
Beſides, their pace was formal, grave and ſlack:
His nimble Wit out-ran the heavy Pack.
Yet ſtill he found his Fortune at a ſtay;
Whole droves of Blockheads choaking up his way;
They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
Villain and Wit exact a double price.

Pow'r was his aym: but, thrown from that pretence,
The Wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
And Malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his Soul he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd.
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His Counſel's oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.
Ev'n in the moſt ſincere advice he gave
He had a grudging ſtill to be a Knave.
The Frauds he learnt in his Fanatique years
Made him uneaſy in his lawfull gears.
At beſt as little honeſt as he cou'd:
And, like white Witches, miſchievouſly good.
To his firſt byaſs, longingly he leans;
And *rather* wou'd be great by wicked means.
Thus, fram'd for ill, he loos'd our Triple hold;
(Advice unſafe, precipitous, and bold.)
From hence thoſe tears! that *Ilium* of our woe!
Who helps a pow'rfull Friend, fore-arms a Foe.
What wonder if the Waves prevail ſo far
When He cut down the Banks that made the bar?

Seas

Seas follow but their Nature to invade;
But he by Art our native Strength betray'd.
So *Sampſon* to his Foe his force confeſt;
And, to be ſhorn, lay ſlumb'ring on her breaſt.
But, when this fatal Counſel, found too late,
Expos'd its Authour to the publique hate;
When his juſt Sovereign, by no impious way,
Cou'd be ſeduc'd to Arbitrary ſway;
Forſaken of that hope, he ſhifts the ſayle;
Drives down the Current with a pop'lar gale;
And ſhews the Fiend confeſs'd without a vaile.
He preaches to the Crowd, that Pow'r is lent,
But not convey'd to Kingly Government;
That Claimes ſucceſſive bear no binding force;
That Coronation Oaths are things of courſe;
Maintains the Multitude can never err;
And ſets the People in the Papal Chair.
The reaſon's obvious; *Int'reſt never lyes*;
The moſt have ſtill their Int'reſt in their eyes;
The pow'r is always theirs, and pow'r is ever wiſe.
Almighty Crowd, thou ſhorten'ſt all diſpute;
Power is thy Eſſence; Wit thy Attribute!

Nor

Nor Faith nor Reaſon make thee at a ſtay,
Thou leapſt o'er all eternal truths, in thy *Pindarique*
Athens, no doubt, did righteouſly decide, (way!
When *Phocion* and when *Socrates* were try'd:
As righteouſly they did thoſe dooms repent,
Still they were wiſe, what ever way they went.
Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run;
To kill the Father, and recall the Son.
Some think the Fools were moſt, as times went then;
But now the World's o'er ſtock'd with prudent men.
The common Cry is ev'n Religion's Teſt;
The *Turk*'s is, at *Conſtantinople*, beſt;
Idols in *India*, Popery at *Rome*;
And our own Worſhip onely true at home.
And true, but for the time, 'tis hard to know
How long we pleaſe it ſhall continue ſo.
This ſide to day, and that to morrow burns;
So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
A Tempting Doctrine, plauſible and new:
What Fools our Fathers were, if this be true!
Who, to deſtroy the ſeeds of Civil War,
Inherent right in Monarchs did declare:

And

And, that a lawfull Pow'r might never ceaſe,
Secur'd Succeſſion, to ſecure our Peace.
Thus Property and Sovereign Sway, at laſt
In equal Balances were juſtly caſt:
But this new *Jehu* ſpurs the hot mouth'd horſe;
Inſtructs the Beaſt to know his native force;
To take the Bit between his teeth and fly
To the next headlong Steep of Anarchy.
Too happy *England*, if our good we knew;
Wou'd we poſſeſs the freedom we purſue!
The laviſh Government can give no more:
Yet we repine; and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once; our Rebel-fathers fought;
He glutted 'em with all the pow'r they ſought:
Till, maſter'd by their own uſurping Brave,
The free-born Subject ſunk into a Slave.
We loath our Manna, and we long for Quails;
Ah, what is man, when his own wiſh prevails!
How raſh, how ſwift to plunge himſelf in ill;
Proud of his Pow'r, and boundleſs in his Will!
That Kings can doe no wrong we muſt believe:
None can they doe, and muſt they all receive?

Help

Help Heaven! or ſadly we ſhall ſee an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their pow'r!
Already they have loſt their beſt defence,
The benefit of Laws, which they diſpence.
No juſtice to their righteous Cauſe allow'd;
But baffled by an Arbitrary Crowd.
And Medalls grav'd, their Conqueſt to record,
The Stamp and Coyn of their adopted Lord.

The Man who laugh'd but once, to ſee an Aſs
Mumbling to make the croſs-grain'd Thiſtles paſs;
Might laugh again, to ſee a Jury chaw
The prickles of unpalatable Law.
The witneſſes, that, Leech-like, liv'd on bloud,
Sucking for them were med'cinally good;
But, when they faſten'd on *their* feſter'd Sore,
Then, Juſtice and Religion they forſwore;
Their Maiden Oaths debauch'd into a Whore.
Thus Men are rais'd by Factions, and decry'd;
And Rogue and Saint diſtinguiſh'd by their Side.
They rack ev'n Scripture to confeſs their Cauſe;
And plead a Call to preach, in ſpight of Laws.

But

But that's no news to the poor injur'd Page,
It has been us'd as ill in every Age;
And is conſtrain'd, with patience, all to take;
For what defence can Greek and Hebrew make?
Happy who can this talking Trumpet ſeize;
They make it ſpeak whatever Senſe they pleaſe!
Twas fram'd, at firſt, our Oracle t' enquire;
But, ſince our Sects in prophecy grow higher,
The Text inſpires not them; but they the Text inſpire.

London, thou great *Emporium* of our Iſle,
O, thou too bounteous, thou too fruitfull *Nile*,
How ſhall I praiſe or curſe to thy deſert!
Or ſeparate thy ſound, from thy corrupted part!
I call'd thee *Nile*; the parallel will ſtand:
Thy tydes of Wealth o'erflow the fatten'd Land;
Yet Monſters from thy large increaſe we find,
Engender'd on the Slyme thou leav'ſt behind.
Sedition has not wholly ſeiz'd on thee;
Thy nobler Parts are from infection free.
Of *Iſrael*'s Tribes thou haſt a numerous band;
But ſtill the *Canaanite* is in the Land.

Thy military Chiefs are brave and true;
Nor are thy diſinchanted Burghers few.
The Head is loyal which thy Heart commands;
But what's a Head with two ſuch gouty Hands?
The wiſe and wealthy love the ſureſt way;
And are content to thrive and to obey.
But Wiſedom is to Sloath too great a Slave;
None are ſo buſie as the Fool and Knave.
Thoſe let me curſe; what vengeance will they urge,
Whoſe Ordures neither Plague nor Fire can purge;
Nor ſharp experience can to duty bring,
Nor angry Heaven, nor a forgiving King!
In Goſpel phraſe their Chapmen they betray:
Their Shops are Dens, the Buyer is their Prey.
The Knack of Trades is living on the Spoil;
They boaſt e'en when each other they beguile.
Cuſtoms to ſteal is ſuch a trivial thing,
That 'tis their Charter to defraud their King.
All hands unite of every jarring Sect;
They cheat the Country firſt, and then infect.
They, for God's Cauſe their Monarchs dare dethrone;
And they'll be ſure to make his Cauſe their own.

Whether

Whether the plotting Jeſuite lay'd the plan
Of murth'ring Kings, or the *French* Puritan,
Our Sacrilegious Sects their Guides outgo;
And Kings and Kingly Pow'r wou'd murther too.

What means their Trait'rous Combination leſs,
Too plain t' evade, too ſhamefull to confeſs.
But Treaſon is not own'd when tis deſcry'd;
Succeſsfull Crimes alone are juſtify'd.
The Men, who no Conſpiracy wou'd find,
Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd.
Join'd, in a mutual Cov'nant of defence;
At firſt without, at laſt againſt their Prince.
If Sovereign Right by Sovereign Pow'r they ſcan,
The ſame bold Maxime holds in God and Man:
God were not ſafe, his Thunder cou'd they ſhun
He ſhou'd be forc'd to crown another Son.
Thus, when the Heir was from the Vineyard thrown,
The rich Poſſeſſion was the Murth'rers own.
In vain to Sophiſtry they have recourſe:
By proving theirs no Plot, they prove 'tis worſe;
Unmask'd Rebellion, and audacious Force.

Which, though not Actual, yet all Eyes may ſee
Tis working, in th' immediate Pow'r to be;
For, from pretended Grievances they riſe,
Firſt to diſlike, and after to deſpiſe.
Then, *Cyclop*-like in humane Fleſh to deal;
Chop up a Miniſter, at every meal;
Perhaps not wholly to melt down the King;
But clip his regal rights within the Ring.
From thence, t' aſſume the pow'r of Peace and War;
And eaſe him by degrees of publique Care.
Yet, to conſult his Dignity and Fame,
He ſhou'd have leave to exerciſe the Name;
And hold the Cards, while Commons play'd the game.
For what can Pow'r give more than Food and Drink,
To live at eaſe, and not be bound to think?
Theſe are the cooler methods of the Crime;
But their hot Zealots think 'tis loſs of time:
On utmoſt bounds of Loyalty they ſtand,
And grinn and whet like a *Croatian* Band;
That waits impatient for the laſt Command.
Thus Out-laws open Villany maintain;
They ſteal not, but in Squadrons ſcoure the Plain:

And,

And, if their Pow'r the Paſſengers ſubdue;
The Moſt have right, the wrong is in the Few.
Such impious Axiomes fooliſhly they ſhow;
For, in ſome Soils Republiques will not grow:
Our Temp'rate Iſle will no extremes ſuſtain,
Of pop'lar Sway, or Arbitrary Reign:
But ſlides between them both into the beſt;
Secure in freedom, in a Monarch bleſt.
And though the Climate, vex't with various Winds,
Works through our yielding Bodies, on our Minds,
The wholſome Tempeſt purges what it breeds;
To recommend the Calmneſs that ſucceeds.

But thou, the Pander of the Peoples hearts,
(O Crooked Soul, and Serpentine in Arts,)
Whoſe blandiſhments a Loyal Land have whor'd,
And broke the Bonds ſhe plighted to her Lord;
What Curſes on thy blaſted Name will fall!
Which Age to Age their Legacy ſhall call;
For all muſt curſe the Woes that muſt deſcend on all.
Religion thou haſt none: thy *Mercury*
Has paſs'd through every Sect, or theirs through Thee.

But what thou giv'ſt, that Venom ſtill remains;
And the pox'd Nation feels Thee in their Brains.
What elſe inſpires the Tongues, and ſwells the Breaſts
Of all thy bellowing Renegado Prieſts,
That preach up Thee for God; diſpence thy Laws;
And with thy Stumm ferment their fainting Cauſe?
Freſh Fumes of Madneſs raiſe; and toile and ſweat
To make the formidable Cripple great.
Yet, ſhou'd thy Crimes ſucceed, ſhou'd lawleſs Pow'r
Compaſs thoſe Ends thy greedy Hopes devour,
Thy Canting Friends thy Mortal Foes wou'd be;
Thy God and Theirs will never long agree.
For thine, (if thou haſt any,) muſt be one
That lets the World and Humane-Kind alone:
A jolly God, that paſſes hours too well
To promiſe Heav'n, or threaten us with Hell.
That unconcern'd can at Rebellion ſit;
And Wink at Crimes he did himſelf commit.
A Tyrant theirs; the Heav'n their Prieſthood paints
A Conventicle of gloomy ſullen Saints;
A Heav'n, like *Bedlam*, ſlovenly and ſad;
Fore-doom'd for Souls, with falſe Religion mad.

With-

Without a Viſion Poets can fore-ſhew
What all but Fools, by common Senſe may know:
If true Succeſſion from our Iſle ſhou'd fail,
And Crowds profane, with impious Arms prevail,
Not thou, nor thoſe thy Factious Arts ingage
Shall reap that Harveſt of Rebellious Rage,
With which thou flatter'ſt thy decrepit Age.
The ſwelling Poiſon of the ſev'ral Sects,
Which wanting vent, the Nations Health infects
Shall burſt its Bag; and fighting out their way
The various Venoms on each other prey.
The *Presbyter*, puft up with ſpiritual Pride,
Shall on the Necks of the lewd Nobles ride:
His Brethren damn, the Civil Pow'r defy;
And parcel out Republique Prelacy.
But ſhort ſhall be his Reign: his rigid Yoke
And Tyrant Pow'r will puny Sects provoke;
And Frogs and Toads, and all the Tadpole Train
(Crane.
Will croak to Heav'n for help, from this devouring
The Cut-throat Sword and clamorous Gown ſhall jar,
In ſharing their ill-gotten Spoils of War:

Chiefs ſhall be grudg'd the part which they pretend,
Lords envy Lords, and Friends with every Friend
About their impious Merit ſhall contend.
The ſurly Commons ſhall reſpect deny;
And juſtle Peerage out with Property.
Their Gen'ral either ſhall his Truſt betray,
And force the Crowd to Arbitrary ſway;
Or they ſuſpecting his ambitious Aim,
In hate of Kings ſhall caſt anew the Frame;
And thruſt out *Collatine* that bore their Name.

Thus inborn Broils the Factions wou'd ingage;
Or Wars of Exil'd Heirs, or Foreign Rage,
Till halting Vengeance overtook our Age:
And our wild Labours, wearied into Reſt,
Reclin'd us on a rightfull Monarch's Breaſt.

——————*Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis*
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

THE END.

SEVERAL OF

Ovid's Elegies,

BOOK I.

ELEGY the FIRST.

Engliſhed By Mr. Cooper.

IN loſty Strains, ſaid I, ſome mighty thing,
Of Arms and War I mean to Sing;
In equal Numbers, let the Verſes meet,
Like the Action, bráve and great.
But Love untoward ſtill, and ſtill perverſe
Was ſeen to laugh and maim my Verſe;

And

And th' latter line, thô near of that ſame Kind,
Is forc'd to limp and hault behind.
Poets the Muſes ſhould obey, not thee;
Who gave thee then this Tyranny?
Who did to th' cruel Boy the power permit
Both to Command us, and our Wit?
The pointed Spear ſoft *Venus* ſhould not move;
Nor warlike *Pallas* deal in Love;
Upon the Mountains *Ceres* ſhould not reign;
Nor ſhould *Diana* Till the plain;
Nor ſhould *Apollo* come to the bloudy fray;
Or *Mars* upon the Harp to play:
Too large thy Empire, and too great thy power;
Does thy Ambition aim at more?
Wouldſt thou the Muſes too Controll, vain Boy;
Nor let their King his Harp Enjoy?
To loftier things, ſaid I, my thoughts I raiſe
Than Boy's or viler Woman's praiſe:
In vain I ſtrove to Sing of lofty things,
He Lur'd me down and Clipt my Wings;
Yet froward I, and Stubborn ſtill remain'd,
And ſtruggl'd much and much Complain'd;

With

With that his Stout and well-ſtrong Bow he bent,
From thence a mighty Arrow ſent.
Strong was the fatal Bow, the Arrow fleet,
And now (vain Man!) ſaid he now write.
Ah me! the Bow was ſtrong, the Arrow ſure,
Witneſs the torments I endure.
Againſt ſuch force what Man can keep the Field?
I yeild, Great God, cry'd I, I yeild:
At thy Command, dread Conquerer, to Sing
Or any way, or any thing.

ELEGY the SECOND.

Engliſhed By Mr. Creech.

AH me! why am I ſo uneaſie grown?
Ah why ſo reſtleſs on my Bed of down?
Why do I wiſh to ſleep, but wiſh in vain?
Why am I all the tedious night in pain?
What cauſe is this that eaſe that reſt denies?
And why my words break forth in gentle ſighs?

Sure

Sure I ſhould know if Love had fixt his Dart,
Or creeps he ſoftly in with treacherous Art,
And then grows Tyrant there and wounds the Heart?

Tis ſo, the ſhaft ſticks deep and galls my Breaſt,
Tis Tyrant Love, that robs my thoughts of reſt!
Well, ſhall I tamely yield, or muſt I fight?
I'll yield, tis patience makes a burthen light:
A ſhaken Torch grows fierce, and Sparks ariſe,
But, if unmov'd, the fire looks pale and dyes.
The hard mouth'd Horſe ſmarts for his fierce diſdain,
The Gentle's riden with a looſer rein.
Love ſmooths the Gentle, but the fierce reclaims;
He fires their Breaſts, and fills their Souls with flames.

I yield, Great Love, my former Crimes forgive,
Forget my Rebel thoughts, and let me live:
No need of force, I willingly obey,
And now unarm'd, ſhall prove no glorious Prey.
Go take thy Mothers Doves, thy myrtle Crown,
And, for thy Chariot, *Mars* ſhall lend his Own;
There thou ſhalt ſit in thy triumphant pride,
And, whilſt glad ſhouts reſound on every ſide,
Thy gentle hands thy Mothers Doves ſhall Guide.

And

And there, to make thy Glorious Pomp and State,
A Train of ſighing Youths and Maids ſhall wait,
Yet none Complains of an unhappy fate.
There newly conquer'd I, ſtill freſh my wound,
Will march along, my hands with Myrtle bound;
There modeſtly with Vails thrown o'er her Face,
Now doubly bluſhing at her own diſgrace;
There ſober thoughts, and whatſoe'er diſdains
Love's rule, ſhall feel his power and bear his chains:
Then all ſhall fear, all bow, yet all rejoice,
Io Triumphe be the publick Voice.
Thy conſtant Guards, ſoft fancy, hope, and fear,
Anger and ſoft Careſſes ſhall be there:
By theſe ſtrong Guards are Men and Gods o'erthrown,
Theſe Conquer for thee, Love, and theſe alone:
Thy Mother from the Sky, thy Pomp ſhall grace,
And ſcatter ſweeteſt Roſes in thy Face:
There glorious Love ſhall ride, profuſely dreſt
With all the richeſt Jewels of the Eaſt:
Rich Gemms thy Quiver and thy Wheels infold,
And hide the poorneſs of the baſer Gold.

Then

Then thou ſhalt conquer many, then thy Darts
Shall ſcatter thouſand wounds on tender Hearts:
Thy ſhafts themſelves will fly, thy neighbouring fire
Will catch mens breaſts and kindle warm deſire.
Thus conquering *Bacchus* looks in *Indian* Groves,
He drawn by Tygers, Thou by murmuring Doves.
Well then, ſince I too can encreaſe thy train,
Spend not thy force on me and rage in vain;
Look on thy Kinſman *Cæſar's* happy ſlaves,
The ſame victorious Arm that conquers ſaves.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

Inſtructions to his Mrs. how to behave her ſelf at Supper before her Husband.

Engliſhed By Sir Ch. Scrope.

SInce to conſtrain our Joys, that ill-bred, rude,
Familiar thing your Husband will intrude;
For a Juſt Judgment may th'unwelcome Gueſt
At this Nights lucky Supper eat his laſt.

How

How ſhall I then with patience ſtand by,
While my *Corinna* gives another Joy?
His wanton hands in her ſoft boſome warms,
And feels about her Neck his claſping Arms?
Oh torturing Sight! but ſince it muſt be ſo,
Be kind and learn what tis I'de have you doe.
Come firſt, be ſure, for thô the place may prove
Unfit for all we wiſh, 'twill ſhew your Love.
When call'd to Table you demurely go,
Gently in paſſing touch my hand or toe.
Mark all my Actions well, obſerve my Eye,
My ſpeaking Signs, and to each Sign reply.
If I doe ought of which you would complain,
Upon your Elbow languiſhingly lean.
But if your pleas'd with what I doe or ſay,
Steal me a ſmile and ſnatch your Eyes away.
When you reflect on our paſt ſecret Joys,
Hold modeſtly your Fann before your Eyes:
And when your nauſeous Husband tedious grows,
Your lifted hands with ſcornfull anger cloſe;
As if you call'd for vengeance from above
Upon that dull Impediment to Love.

A thou-

A thouſand skilfull ways we'll find to ſhew
Our mutual Love, which none but we ſhall know.
I'll watch the parting Glaſs, when e'er you drink,
And where your Lips have toucht it kiſs the brink.
Like ſtill the Diſh that in your reach does ſtand,
Taking the Plate I ſo may feel your hand.
But what he recomends to you to eat
Coyly refuſe, as if you loath'd the meat;
Nor let his Matrimonial right appear
By any ill-tim'd houſehold Freedom there.
Let not his fulſome Armes imbrace your waſte,
Nor lolling head upon your boſome reſt.
One kiſs would ſtreight make all my paſſion known,
And my fierce Eyes with rage would claim their own.
Yet what thus paſſes will be done i'th light,
But Oh! the Joys that may be kept from ſight;
Legs lockt in Legs, thighs preſſing thighs, and all
The wanton Spells that up Loves fury call.
Theſe cunning Arts which I ſo oft have us'd
Make me now fear to be my ſelf abus'd.
To clear my doubts, ſo far your chair remove
As may prevent th' Intelligence of Love.

Put

Put him in mind of pledging every health,
And let the tutor'd Page add wine by ſtealth;
The Sot grown drunk we eaſier may retire,
And doe as the Occaſion ſhall inſpire.
But after all, how ſmall (alas) the gains,
Will be, for which we take ſuch mighty pains!
Torn from my Arms, you muſt go home to bed,
And leave your poor forſaken Lover dead;
Cruel divorce! Enough to break my heart,
Without you promiſe this, before you part.
When my bleſt Rival, goes to reap his Joy,
Receive him ſo as may the bliſs deſtroy:
Let not the leaſt kind mark of Love eſcape,
But all be duly and a lawfull Rape;
So deadly cold and void of all deſire,
That like a Charm, it may put out his fire.
But if compell'd, you ſhould at laſt comply,
When we meet next, beſure you all deny.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Engliſhed By Mr. Duke.

'TWas Noon, when I ſcorch'd with the double fire
Of the hot Sun, and my more hot deſire,
Stretcht on my downey Couch at eaſe was laid,
Bigg with Expectance of the lovely Maid.
The Curtains but half drawn, a light let in,
Such as in Shades of thickeſt Groves is ſeen;
Such as remains, when the Sun flies away,
Or when Night's gone, and yet it is not day.
This light to modeſt Maids muſt be allow'd,
Where ſhame may hope its guilty head to Shrowd.
And now my Love *Corinna*, did appear,
Looſe on her Neck fell her divided hair;
Looſe as her flowing Gown, that wanton'd in the air.
In ſuch a Garb, with ſuch a grace and mein,
To her Rich bed came the *Aſyrian* Queen.
So *Lais* look't, when all the Youth of *Greece*
With adoration did her charms confeſs.

Her

Her envious Gown to pull away, I try'd,
But ſhe reſiſted ſtill, and ſtill deny'd;
But ſo reſiſted, that ſhe ſeem'd to be
Unwilling to obtain the Victory.
So I at laſt, an eaſie Conqueſt had,
Whilſt my fair Combatant her ſelf betray'd:
But when ſhe naked ſtood before my Eyes,
Gods! with what charms did ſhe my Soul ſurpriſe?
What Snowy Arms did I both ſee and feel?
With what rich globes did her ſoft boſome ſwell?
Plump, as ripe Cluſters, roſe each glowing breaſt,
Courting the hand, and ſuing to be preſt!
What a ſmooth plain, was on her Belly ſpread?
Where thouſand little Loves, and Graces play'd!
What Thighs! What Legs! But why ſtrive I in vain,
Each Limb, each grace, each feature to explain?
One beauty did through her whole Body ſhine.
I ſaw, admir'd, and preſt it cloſe to mine.
The reſt, who knows not? Thus intranc'd we lay,
Till in each others Arms we dy'd away;
O give me ſuch a Noon (ye Gods) to every day.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

He Curſes a Bawd, for going about to debauch his Miſtreſs.

Engliſhed By Sir Ch. Sidly.

THere is a Bawd renown'd in *Venus* Wars,
And dreadfull ſtill with honourable ſcars:
Her youth and beauty, craft and guile ſupply
Sworn Foe to all degrees of Chaſtity.
Dypſas, who firſt taught Love-ſick Maids the way
To cheat the Bridegroom on the Wedding day.
And then a hundred ſubtile tricks devis'd,
Wherewith the Amorous Theft might be diſguis'd.
Of Pigeons-blood, ſqueez'd from the panting heart,
With Surfeit-water, to contract the part,
She knows the Uſe: whilſt the good man betray'd,
With eager Arms huggs the falſe bleeding Maid.
Of herbs and Spells ſhe tries the Guilty Force,
The poyſon of a Mare that goes to Horſe.

Clea-

Cleaving the Midnight Air upon a Switch,
Some for a Bawd, moſt take her for a Witch.
Each Morning ſees her reeling to her Bed,
Her native Blew o'ercome with drunken red.
Her ready tongue ne'er wants an uſefull lie,
Soft moving words, nor Charming flattery.
Thus I o'erheard her to my *Lucia* ſpeak,
Young *Damon*'s heart wilt thou for ever break?
He long has lov'd thee, and by me he ſends
To learn thy motions, which he ſtill attends.
If to the Park thou go, the Plays are ill;
If to the Plays, he thinks the Air wou'd kill.
The other day he gaz'd upon thy Face,
As he wou'd grow a Statue in the place;
And who indeed does not? like a new Star,
Beauty like thine ſtrikes Wonders from afar.
Alas, methinks thou art ill-dreſt to night,
This Point's too poor; thy Necklace is not right.
This Gown was by ſome botching Taylor made,
It ſpoils thy Shape; this *Fucus* is ill laid.
Hear me, and be as happy as thou'rt fair,
Damon is rich, and what thou wantſt can ſpare.

Like thine his Face, like thine his Eyes are thought,
Wou'd he not buy, he might himſelf be bought.
Fair *Lucia* bluſht; It is a ſign of Grace,
Dypſas reply'd, that Red becomes thy Face.
All Lovers now by what they give are weigh'd,
And ſhe is beſt belov'd that is beſt paid.
The Sun-burnt *Latines*, in old *Tatius* Reign,
Did to one man perhaps their Love reſtrain.
Venus in her *Æneas* City rules,
And all adore her Deity, but Fools.
Go on, ye Fair, Chaſte onely let ſuch live,
As none will ask, and know not how to give.
How prettily you frown? But I'll ſpeak on,
Hear me, another day 'twill be your own.
Vertuous *Penelope* is ſaid t' have try'd,
With a ſtrong Bow, each luſty Lover's ſide.
Nor did *Lucretia* kill herſelf for rage,
But Love of *Tarquin*, in that colder Age.
To the young Prince ſhe vow'd, ne'er more to joyn
In dull Embraces with her *Collatine*.
To keep her word ſhe dy'd-------

Life ſteals away, and our beſt hours are gone,
E'er the true Uſe, or worth of them, be known.
Things long neglected of themſelves decay,
What we forbear time rudely makes his prey.
Beauty is beſt preſerv'd by Exerciſe,
Nor for that Task can one or few ſuffice.
Wou'dſt thou grow rich, thou muſt from many take
From one 'twere hard continually to rake.
Without new Gowns, and Coaches, who can live?
What does thy Poet, but new Verſes give?
A Poet, the laſt thing that Earth does breed,
Whoſe Wit, for Sixpence, any one may reade.
Him that will give, to *Homer* I prefer,
To give is an ingenious thing I ſwear.
Deſpiſe not any can a preſent make,
It matters not from whom, but what we take.
Nor with the ſound of Titles be thou caught,
For nothing can with empty Names be bought.
Hang the poor Lover, and his Pedigree,
The thriving Merchant, or fat Judge give me.
If any beardleſs Stripling ask a Night,
And think thee paid with mutual delight;

Bid him go earn thy price among the men,
And when he has it, come to thee again.
Love truly none, but ſeem in Love with all,
And at old friends to thy new Lover rail.
Sometimes deny, 'twill Appetite procure;
The ſharp-ſet Hawks will ſtoop to any Lure.
Then grant again, leſt he a habit get
Of living from thee, but be ſure thou let
No empty Lover in: murmur ſometimes,
And as firſt hurt, reproach him with thy Crimes.
Seem jealous, when thou'ſt been thy ſelf to blame,
'Twill ſtop his mouth, if thou the firſt complain.
All thou haſt done be ready to forſwear,
For Lovers Oaths fair *Venus* has no Ear.
Whilſt he is with thee, let ſome Woman bring
Some *Indian* Stuff, or Foreign pretious thing;
Which thou muſt ſay thou want'ſt, and he muſt buy,
Though for it Six months hence in Gaol he lye.
Thy Mother, Siſter, Brother, and thy Nurſe,
Muſt have a pull each at thy Lover's Purſe.
Let him from Rivals never be ſecure,
That hope once gone, Love will not long endure.

Shew

Shew him the preſents by thoſe Rivals ſent,
So ſhall his bounty thy requeſt prevent.
When he will give no more, ask him to lend,
If he want money, find a truſting Friend.
Get Hangings, Cabinets, a Looking-glaſs,
Or any thing for which his word will paſs.
Practiſe theſe Rules, thou'lt find the benefit;
I loſt my Beauty e'er I got this wit.

I at that word ſtept from behind the door,
And ſcarce my Nails from her thin Ceeks forbore.
Her few Grey hairs in rage I vow'd to pull,
And thruſt her drunken Eyes into her Skull.
Poor in a Dungeons bottom mayſt thou rot,
Dye with a blow with thy beloved Pot,
No Brandy, and Eternal thirſt thy Lot.

SEVERAL OF

Ovid's Elegies,

BOOK II.

ELEGY the FIFTH.

To his falſe Miſtreſs.

Engliſhed By Sir Ch. Sidly.

Cupid, begon! who wou'd on thee rely,
And thus at every moment wiſh to dye?
Death is my wiſh, when on thy guilt I think,
(Thy faithleſs guilt) at which I fain wou'd wink.
Falſe Maid, thou various torment of my life,
Thou flying pleaſure, and thou laſting grief;

No

No doubtfull Letters thy loſt faith accuſe,
Nor private gifts, thou mightſt with eaſe excuſe
Such proofs, one word of thine might overcome;
Why is my cauſe ſo good, and thou ſo dumb?
Happy's the man that's handſomely deceiv'd,
Whoſe *Miſtreſs* ſwears and lies, and is believ'd.
Theſe Eyes beheld thee, when thou thoughſt me gone
In books and ſigns (nor yet in thoſe alone)
Conveying the glad meſſage of thy Love
To that gay, vain, dull Fopp that ſate above.
I knew the Language ſoon, what could be hid
From Lovers Eyes of all ye ſaid or did?
When others roſe, I ſaw thee Dart a kiſs,
The wanton prelude to a farther bliſs:
Not ſuch as Wives to their cold Husbands give,
But ſuch as hot Adulterers receive.
Such as might kindle frozen appetite,
And fire even waſted nature with delight.
What art thou mad, I cry'd, before my face,
To ſteal my wealth, and my new Rival grace?
I'll riſe and ſeize my own upon the place.

Theſe ſoft endearments ſhould not farther go,
But be the ſecret treaſure of us two,
How comes this third in for a ſhare I'd know?
This, and what more my grief inſpir'd, I ſaid;
Her face ſhe cover'd with a Conſcious red:
Like a Cloud guilded by the riſing Sun,
Or Virgin newly by her Love undone.
Thoſe very bluſhes pleas'd, when ſhe caſt down
Her lovely Eyes, with a diſdainfull frown.
Diſdain became her, looking on the Earth,
Sad were her looks, but Charming above mirth.
I could have kill'd my ſelf, or him, or her,
Scarce did my rage her tender Cheeks forbear:
When I beheld her Face my anger cool'd,
I felt my ſelf to a mere Lover fool'd.
I, who but now ſo fierce, grow tame and ſue,
With ſuch a kiſs we might our Love renew.
She ſmil'd and gave me one might *Jove* diſarm,
And from his hand the brandiſht Thunder charm.
'Twas worſe than death, to think my Rival knew
Such Joys as till that hour to me were new.

She gave much better kiſſes than I taught,
And ſomething ſtrange was in each touch me-thought.
They pleas'd me but too well, and thou didſt tongue,
With too much art and skill, for one ſo young:
Nor is this all, though I of this complain,
Nor ſhould I for a kiſs be ſo in pain:
But thine cou'd never but in Bed be taught,
I fear how dear thou haſt thy Knowledge bought.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

Engliſhed By Mr. Creech.

ALas, poor *Poll*, my *Indian* talker dyes!
Go Birds, and celebrate his *Obſequies*.
Go Birds, and beat your Breaſts, your Faces tear,
And pluck your gaudy plumes, inſtead of hair.
Let dolefull Tunes the frighted Foreſts wound,
And your ſad Notes ſupply the Trumpets ſound.

Why

Why *Philomel* doſt mourn, the *Thracian* rage?
It is enough, thy Grief at laſt aſſwage;
His Crimſon faults are now grown white with Age.
Now mourn this Bird, the Cauſe of all thy woe
Was great 'tis true, but it was long ago.
Mourn all ye wing'd Inhabitants of Air,
But you, my *Turtle*, take the greateſt ſhare!
You two liv'd conſtant Friends, and free from ſtrife,
Your kindneſs was intire, and long as life.
What *Pylades* to his *Oreſtes* vow'd,
To thee, poor *Poll*, thy friendly *Turtle* ſhow'd,
And kept his Love as long as Fate allow'd.
But ah, what did thy Faith, thy Plumes and Tail,
And what thy pretty Speaking-art avail?
And what that thou wert given, and pleas'd my Miſs,
Since now the Birds unhappy Glory dyes?
A lovely *verdant* Green grac't every Quill,
The deepeſt *vivid* Red did paint thy Bill:
In ſpeaking thou didſt every Bird excell,
None pratled, and none liſp't the words ſo well.

'Twas

'Twas envy onely ſent this fierce Diſeaſe,
Thou wert averſe to War, and liv'dſt in peace,
A talking harmleſs thing, and lov'dſt thine Eaſe.
The fighting Quails ſtill live midſt all their ſtrife,
And even that, perhaps, prolongs their Life.
Thy Meat was little, and thy pratling tongue
Would ne'er permit thee make thy Dinner long:
Plain Fountain-water all thy drink allow'd,
And Nut, and Poppy-ſeed, were all thy Food.
The preying *Vultures*, and the Kites remain,
And the unlucky *Crow* ſtill caws for Rain.
The *Chough* ſtill lives, midſt fierce *Minerva*'s hate,
And ſcarce nine hundred years conclude her Fate.
But my poor *Poll* now hangs his ſickly head,
My *Poll*, my preſent from the Eaſt, is dead.
Beſt things are ſooneſt ſnatcht by covetous Fate,
To worſe ſhe freely gives a longer date.
Therſites brave *Achilles* Fate ſurviv'd;
And *Hector* fell, whilſt all his Brothers liv'd.
Why ſhould I tell, what Vows *Corinna* made?
How oft ſhe beg'd thy Life, how oft ſhe pray'd?

The Seventh-day came, and now the Fates begin,
To end the thread, they had no more to Spin.
Yet ſtill he talkt, and when death nearer drew,
His laſt breath ſaid, *Corinna*, now Adieu.
There is a ſhady Cypreſs Grove below,
And thither (if ſuch doubtfull things we know)
The Ghoſts of pious Birds departed go.
'Tis water'd well, and verdant all the year,
And Birds obſcene do never enter there:
There harmleſs *Swans* ſecurely take their reſt,
And there the ſingle *Phœnix* builds her neſt.
Proud *Peacocks* there diſplay their gaudy Train,
And billing *Turtles* Coo o'er all the plain.
To theſe dark ſhades my *Parrot*'s ſoul ſhall go,
And with his Talk divert the Birds below.
Whilſt here his bones enjoy a Noble Grave,
A little Marble and an Epitaph:

In talking I did every Bird excell,
And my Tomb proves my Miſtreſs lov'd me well.

ELEGY

ELEGY the SEVENTH.

He proteſts that he had never any thing to doe with the Chamber-maid.

Engliſhed By Mr. Creech.

AND muſt I ſtill be guilty, ſtill untrue, (new?
And when old crims are purg'd ſtill charg'd with
What tho' at laſt my Cauſe I clearly gain?
Yet I'm aſham'd to ſtrive ſo oft in vain,
And when the Prize will ſcarce reward the pain.
If at the Play I in Fop-corner ſit,
And with a ſquinting Eye glote o'er the pit,
Or View the Boxes, you begin to fear,
And fanſie ſtreight ſome Rival Beauty there;
If any looks on me, you think you ſpy
A private Aſſignation in her Eye,
A ſilent ſoft diſcourſe in every Grace,
And Tongues in all the Features of her Face.

If I praiſe any one, you tear your hair,
Shew frantick Tricks, and rage with wild Deſpair.
If diſcommend, O then 'tis all Deſert,
I ſtrive to Cloak my Paſſion by the Cheat:
If I look well, I then neglect your Charms,
Lye dull and lazy in your active Arms;
If weak my voice, if pale my Looks appear,
O then I languiſh for another Fair.
Would I did ſin, and you with Cauſe complain,
For when we ſtrive to ſhun, yet ſtrive in vain,
'Tis Comfort ſure to have deſerv'd the pain.
But ſure fond Fancies now ſuch heats engage,
Your credulous peeviſh humour ſpoils your Rage;
In frequent Chidings I no force can ſee,
You frown too often to prevail with me:
The Aſs grows dull by Stripes, the conſtant blow
Beats off his briskneſs, and he moves but ſlow.
But now I'm laviſh of my kind Embrace,
And *Moll* forſooth ſupplies her Lady's place!
Kind Love forbid that I ſhould ſtoop ſo low,
What, unto mean ignoble Beauties bow?

A Cham-

A Chamber-maid! no Faith, my Love flyes high,
My Quarry is a Miſs of Quality.
Fy, who would claſp a Slave, who joy to feel
Her hands of Iron, and her ſides of Steel?
'Twill damp an eager thought, 'twill check my mind
To feel thoſe knubs the Laſh hath left behind.
Beſides ſhe dreſſes well, with lovely grace,
She ſets thy Tour, and does adorn thy Face;
Thy natural Beauty all her Arts improve,
And make me more enamour'd of my Love:
Then why ſhould I tempt her? and why betray
Thy uſefull Slave, and have her turn'd away?
I ſwear by *Venus*, by Love's darts and Bow,
A deſperate Oath, you muſt believe me now;
I am not guilty, I've not broke my Vow.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

Engliſhed By Mr. Creech.

To Corinna's *Chamber-maid.*

DEar skilfull *Betty*, who doſt far excell
My Lady's other Maids in dreſſing well:
Dear *Betty*, fit to be preferr'd above
To *Juno*'s Chamber, or the Queen of Love;
Gentile, well bred, not ruſtically coy,
Not eaſie to deny deſired Joy.
Through whoſe ſoft Eyes ſtill ſecret wiſhes ſhine,
Fit for thy Miſtreſs Uſe, but more for mine;
Who, *Betty*, did the fatal Secret ſee,
Who told *Corinna*, you were kind to me?
Yet when ſhe chid me for my kind Embrace,
Did any guilty Bluſh ſpread o'er my Face?
Did I betray thee, Maid, or could ſhe ſpy
The leaſt Confeſſion in my conſcious Eye?
Not that I think it a diſgrace to prove
Stoln ſweets, or make a Chamber-maid my Love.

Achilles

Achilles wanton'd in *Briſeis* Armes;
Atrides bow'd to fair *Caſſandra*'s Charms.
Sure I am leſs than theſe, then what can bring
Diſgrace to me, that ſo became a King?
But when ſhe lookt on you, poor harmleſs Maid
You bluſht, and all the kind Intrigue betray'd:
Yet ſtill I vow'd, I made a ſtout defence,
I ſwore, and lookt as bold as Innocence:
Damme, I gad, all that, and let me dye;
Kind *Venus*, do not hear my perjury,
Kind *Venus*, ſtop thy Ears when Lovers lye.
Now, *Betty*, how will you my Oaths requite?
Come prethee lets compound for more delight,
Faith I am eaſie, and but ask a Night.
What! Start at the propoſal? how! deny?
Pretend fond Fears of a Diſcovery?
Refuſe leſt ſome ſad Chance the thing betray?
Is this your kind, your damn'd Obliging way?
Well, deny on, I'll lye, I'll ſwear no more,
Corinna now ſhall know thou art a Whore;
I'll tell, ſince you my fair Addreſs forbid,
How often, when, and where, and what we did.

ELEGY the EIGHTH.

Engliſhed By Another Hand.

To his Miſtreſs's Maid.

THou to whom ev'ry Artfull dreſs is known,
Fit to attend on *Goddeſſes* alone,
Whom I in ſtoln delights have found ſo free,
Fit for your Miſtreſs, but more fit for Me:
Tell me, O tell the falſe Diſcoverers
Of our paſt Joys, and all our tender hours.
Yet did I bluſh? Or did my Language move
The leaſt Suſpicion of our conſcious Love?
What thô I tax'd the man with want of ſenſe,
Whoſe generous Love cou'd with the Maid diſpence?
Did not *Achilles* fair *Briſeis* love,
And *Greece*'s King his Captive's Vaſſal prove?
Am I then greater than brave *Peleus* Son,
That I ſhould ſcorn the thing which Kings have done?
But when on you ſhe fix't her angry Eyes,
Your Cheeks confeſt the Crime your Tongue denies.

While

While my more ſettl'd Soul the Fact diſproves,
And makes the Gods the Patrons of our Loves.
(But O ye Gods forgive the Injury,
And ſpare ſo ſweet, ſo harmleſs Perjury.)
Then what Reward is to ſuch Service due?
Be kind, my Dear, and let's our Joys renew.
Ingratefull Maid! can you here feign delay?
More than my Paſſion, ſhall her Anger ſway?
Should your nice Folly ſtill deny Acceſs,
I'll turn Informer, and my ſelf confeſs;
E'en where we were, how oft, and what was done,
Both to your Miſtreſs, and the World I'll own.

ELEGY the NINTH.

Engliſhed By the late Earl *of* Rocheſter.

To Love.

O Love how cold and ſlow to take my part,
Thou idle wanderer about my heart?
Why thy old faithfull Souldier wilt thou ſee
Oppreſt in thy own Tents? they murther me.

Thy Flames conſume, thy Arrows pierce thy friends,
Rather on foes purſue more noble ends.
Achilles Sword would certainly beſtow
A cure as certain, as it gave the blow.
Hunters who follow flying Game, give o'er
When the prey's caught, hopes ſtill lead on before.
We thine own ſlaves feel thy Tyrannick blows,
Whilſt thy tame hand's unmov'd againſt thy foes.
On men diſarm'd how can you gallant prove?
And I was long ago diſarm'd by Love.
Millions of dull men live, and ſcornfull Maids,
We'll own Love valiant when he theſe invades.
Rome from each corner of the wide World ſnatch't
A Laurel, or 't had been to this day thatcht.
But the old Souldier has his reſting place,
And the good batter'd Horſe is turn'd to Graſs.
The harraſt Whore, who liv'd a wretch to pleaſe,
Has leave to be a Bawd, and take her eaſe.
For me then who have truely ſpent my bloud
(Love) in thy ſervice and ſo boldly ſtood
In *Celia*'s trenches, wer't not wiſely done
E'en to retire and live at peace at home?

No-

No—might I gain a Godhead to diſclaim
My glorious Title to my endleſs Flame,
Divinity with ſcorn I would forſwear,
Such ſweet dear tempting Devils Women are.
When e'er thoſe flames grow faint, I quickly find
A fierce black ſtorm pour down upon my mind;
Headlong I'm hurl'd like horſemen, who in vain
Their (fury flaming) Courſers would reſtrain;
As Ships juſt when the harbour they attain
Are ſnatcht by ſudden blaſts to Sea again;
So Loves fantaſtick ſtorms reduce my heart
Half reſcu'd, and the God reſumes his dart.
Strike here, this undefended boſome wound,
And for ſo brave a Conqueſt be renown'd.
Shafts fly ſo faſt to me from every part,
You'll ſcarce diſcern the Quiver from my heart.
What wretch can bear a live-long Nights dull reſt,
Or think himſelf in lazy ſlumbers bleſt?
Fool——is not ſleep the Image of pale Death,
There's time for reſt when Fate hath ſtopt your breath.
Me may my ſoft deluding Dear deceive,
I'm happy in my hopes while I believe:

Now let her flatter, then as fondly chide,
Often may I enjoy, oft be deny'd.
With doubtfull ſteps the God of War does move,
By thy Example in Ambiguous Love.
Blown to and fro, like Down from thy own Wing,
Who knows when Joy or Anguiſh thou wilt bring?
Yet at thy Mother's and thy ſlaves requeſt,
Fix an eternal Empire in my breaſt:
And let th' inconſtant charming Sex,
Whoſe wilfull ſcorn does Lovers vex,
Submit their hearts before thy Throne,
The Vaſſal world is then thy own.

ELEGY the TWELVTH.

Engliſhed By Mr. Creech.

TRiumphant Laurels round my Temples twine,
I'm *Victor* now, my dear *Corinna*'s mine.
As ſhe was hard to get, a carefull ſpy,
A Door well barr'd, and jealous Husband's Eye
Long time preſerv'd her troubleſome Chaſtity.

Now

Now I deſerve a Crown, I briskly woo'd,
And won my Prey without a drop of Bloud:
'Twas not a petty Town with Gates and Bars,
(Thoſe little Trophies of our meaner Wars;)
No 'twas a Whore, a lovely Whore I took,
I won her by a Song, and by a Look.
When Ten years ruin'd *Troy*, how mean a Name
Atrides got? how ſmall his ſhare of Fame?
But none pretends a part in what I won,
The Victory's mine, the Glory all my own.
I in this Conqueſt was the General,
The Souldier, Engine, Horſe and Foot, and all.
Fortune and lucky Chance can claim no ſhare,
Come Triumph gotten by my ſingle Care.
I fought, as moſt have done, for Miſs, and Love,
For *Helen*, *Europe*, and all *Aſia* ſtrove:
The Centaures rudely threw their Tables o'er,
And ſpilt their Wine, and boxt to get a Whore:
The *Trojans* thô they once had loſt their *Troy*,
Yet fought to get their Lord another Joy:
The *Romans* too did venture all their Lives,
And ſtoutly fought their Fathers for their Wives.

For

For one fair Cow I've ſeen two Bulls engage,
Whilſt ſhe ſtands by, and looks, and heats their rage.
Ev'n I (for *Cupid* ſays he'll have it ſo.)
As moſt men are, muſt be his Souldier too.
Yet I no bloudy Conquerer ſhall prove,
My Quarrels will be Kindneſs, Wars be Love.

ELEGY the NINETEENTH.

Engliſhed By Mr. Dryden.

IF for thy ſelf thou wilt not watch thy Whore,
Watch her for me that I may love her more;
What comes with eaſe we nauſeouſly receive,
Who but a Sot wou'd ſcorn to love with leave?
With hopes and fears my Flames are blown up higher,
Make me deſpair, and then I can deſire.
Give me a Jilt to teaſe my Jealous mind,
Deceits are Vertues in the Female kind.
Corinna my Fantaſtick humour knew,
Play'd trick for trick, and kept her ſelf ſtill new:

She

She, that next night I might the ſharper come,
Fell out with me, and ſent me faſting home;
Or ſome pretence to lye alone wou'd take,
When e'er ſhe pleas'd her head and teeth wou'd ake:
Till having won me to the higheſt ſtrain,
She took occaſion to be ſweet again.
With what a Guſt, ye Gods, we then imbrac'd!
How every kiſs was dearer than the laſt!

Thou whom I now adore be edify'd,
Take care that I may often be deny'd.
Forget the promis'd hour, or feign ſome fright,
Make me lye rough on Bulks each other Night.
Theſe are the Arts that beſt ſecure thy reign,
And this the Food that muſt my Fires maintain.
Groſs eaſie Love does like groſs diet, pall,
In ſqueaſie Stomachs Honey turns to Gall.
Had *Danae* not been kept in brazen Tow'rs,
Jove had not thought her worth his Golden Show'rs.
When *Juno* to a Cow turn'd *Jo*'s Shape,
The Watchman helpt her to a ſecond Leap.

Let him who loves an eaſie Whetſtone Whore,
Pluck leaves from Trees, and drink the Common Shore.
The Jilting Harlot ſtrikes the ſureſt blow,
A truth which I by ſad Experience know.
The kind poor conſtant Creature we deſpiſe,
Man but purſues the Quarry while it flies.

But thou dull Husband of a Wife too fair;
Stand on thy Guard, and watch the pretious Ware;
If creaking Doors, or barking Dogs thou hear,
Or Windows ſcratcht, ſuſpect a Rival there;
An Orange-wench wou'd tempt thy Wife abroad,
Kick her, for ſhe's a Letter-bearing Bawd:
In ſhort be Jealous as the Devil in Hell;
And ſet my Wit on work to cheat thee well.
The ſneaking City Cuckold is my Foe,
I ſcorn to ſtrike, but when he Wards the blow.
Look to thy hits, and leave off thy Conniving,
I'll be no Drudge to any Wittall living;
I have been patient and forborn thee long,
In hope thou wou'dſt not pocket up thy wrong:

If no Affront can rouſe thee, underſtand
I'll take no more Indulgence at thy hand.
What, ne'er to be forbid thy Houſe and Wife!
Damn him who loves to lead ſo dull a life.
Now I can neither ſigh, nor whine, nor pray,
All thoſe occaſions thou haſt ta'ne away.
Why art thou ſo incorrigibly Civil?
Doe ſomewhat I may wiſh thee at the Devil.
For ſhame be no Accomplice in my Treaſon,
A Pimping Husband is too much in reaſon.

Once more wear horns before I quite forſake her,
In hopes whereof I reſt thy Cuckold-maker.

SEVERAL

SEVERAL OF

Ovid's Elegies,

BOOK III.

ELEGY the FOURTH.

To A Man that lockt up his Wife.

Engliſhed By Sir Ch. Sedley.

VEx not thy ſelf and her, vain Man, ſince all
By their own Vice, or Vertue ſtand or fall.
She's truely chaſte and worthy of that name,
Who hates the ill, as well as fears the ſhame:
And that vile Woman whom reſtraint keeps in
Though ſhe forbear the Act, has done the Sin.

She,

Spies; Locks and Bolts may keep her brutal part,
But thou'rt an odious Cuckold in her heart.
They that have Freedom uſe it leaſt, and ſo
The power of ill does the deſign o'erthrow.
Provoke not Vice by a too harſh reſtraint,
Sick men long moſt to drink, who know they may'nt.
The fiery Courſer, whom no Art can ſtay
Or rugged force, does oft fair means obey:
And he that did the rudeſt Arme diſdain,
Submits with Quiet to the looſer rein.
An hundred Eyes had *Argos*, yet the while
One ſilly Maid did all thoſe Eyes beguile.
Danae though ſhut within a braſen Tower,
Felt the Male virtue of the Golden ſhower:
But chaſte *Penelope*, left to her own will
And free diſpoſal, never thought of ill;
She to her abſent Lord preſerv'd her truth,
For all th' Addreſſes of the ſmoother Youth.
What's rarely ſeen our fancy magnifies,
Permitted pleaſure who does not deſpiſe?
Thy Care provokes beyond her Face, and more
Men ſtrive to make the Cuckold, than the Whore.

They're wondrous charms we think, and long to know,
That in a Wife inchant a Husband ſo:
Rage, Swear and Curſe, no matter, ſhee alone
Pleaſes who ſighs and cryes I am undone;
But could thy Spies ſay we have kept her chaſte?
Good Servants then but an ill Wife thou haſt.
Who fears to be a Cuckold is a Clown,
Not worthy to partake of this lewd Town;
Where it is monſtrous to be fair and Chaſte,
And not one Inch of either Sex lies waſte.
Wouldſt thou be happy? with her ways comply,
And in her Caſe lay poynts of honour by:
The Friendſhip ſhe begins wiſely improve,
And a fair Wife gets one a world of Love:
So ſhalt thou wellcome be to Every treat,
Live high, not pay, and never run in debt.

ELEGY

ELEGY the FIFTH.

Ovid's *Dream.*

'TWas night, and ſleep had clos'd my wearied eyes
When dreadfull Viſions did my Soul ſurpriſe.
Under an open Hill I dreamt there ſtood
A ſtately viſionary Oaken Wood;
Which flocks of Birds continually receives
In to the Shady Covert of its leaves:
Beyond a Meadow lay to ſleeping view,
Which murmuring Waters conſtantly bedew;
The pleaſant Virdure of th' extended Plain
Thoſe murmuring Waters conſtantly maintain.
Within the Wood I thought my ſelf to ſhade
From Heat, but Heat did even the Woods invade;
When Lo! a Cow, imaginary white,
Did ſeem to feed within my fancy's ſight;
With a promiſcuous Bite ſhe did devour
The tender Herb mixt with the ſpringing Flower;

The pureſt Fleece of ſilent Waters ne'er
Cou'd boaſt a White that cou'd with Hers compare,
When freſh, unſulli'd, on the Earth it lay,
And was not melted by too long a ſtay ;
Nay whiter far than Milk ſqueez'd from the Tett,
That ſeem'd to quit the Udder with regret,
Whilſt murmuring Bubbles wrinkle its ſmooth Face,
Being rudely forc'd to leave its native place.
By Her a Bull, her happy Lover, fed,
And they together made the Earth their Bed ;
But as He lay and recall'd herbs did eat,
And feaſt on his before digeſted meat,
The Lover ſeem'd with heavy ſleep oppreſs'd,
And did incline his horney Head to reſt :
Mean time a Crow, that cut the yielding air,
Th' Occaſion took, and thither did repair;
By the white Cow the wing'd Ill-Omen ſtood,
And with new Paſſion fir'd her wanton blood:
Thrice with his ſaucy Beak her breaſt did gore,
And from her Neck her ſilver Hair he tore;
She ſeem'd her Mate and Paſture loath to leave,
(Yet on her Breaſt a ſpot I did perceive)

And

And when far off ſhe grazing did eſpy
Another Herd, I'm ſure they graz'd not nigh,
To them ſhe went, thinking relief might be
In freſher Paſture, and freſh Company.
Tell me, O tell me, ye that can reveal
The fatal Truths that boding Dreams conceal,
What's thus obſcurely to my Fancy brought
In Hieroglyphicks made of ſleeping Thought?
So I. So did th' experienc'd Augur ſay,
Who did each Circumſtance exactly weigh.
The ſcorching Heat that you ſo vainly ſtrove
T' exclude with Leaves, was your prevailing Love.
The Cow your Miſtreſs was; for what cou'd be
By ſuch a lovely Creature meant but She?
The Bull her happy Yoke-fellow, and Mate,
Did figure you in your unrival'd ſtate.
The Crow that ſeem'd the Heifers Breaſt to gore
Was a damn'd Bawd that urg'd her to turn Whore.
Your Miſtreſs as ſhe left you did bemoan
You in a Widow'd Bed left cold, alone.
The Spot on her white Breaſt, I fear, will be
A ſign of violated Chaſtity.

Thus ſpake the wiſe Interpreter, when I,
Pale with Deſpair and Grief, reſolv'd to dye:
Had not the Viſion, that did wound my Sight,
Kindly diſſolv'd into the ſhades of Night.

ELEGY the SIXTH.

To a River, as he was going to his Miſtreſs.

Engliſhed By Mr. Rimer.

THy courſe, thy noble courſe a while forbear,
I am in haſte now going to my Dear:
Thy Banks how rich, thy Stream how worthy praiſe!
Alas my haſte! ſweet River, let me paſs.
No Bridges here, no Ferry, not an Oar,
Or Rope to hawl me to the farther ſhoar?
I have remembred thee a little one,
Who now with all this ſloud com'ſt blundring down.
Did I refuſe my Sleep, my Wine, my Friend,
To ſpurr along, and muſt I here attend?
No art to help me to my Journeys end!

Ye

Ye *Lapland* powers, make me ſo far a Witch,
I may a-ſtride get over on a ſwitch.
Oh for ſome Griffin, or that flying Horſe,
Or any Monſter to aſſiſt my Courſe:
I wiſh his art that mounted to the Moon,
In ſhorter journey wou'd my job be done.
Why rave I for what crack-brain'd Bards deviſe,
Or name their lewd unconſcionable lyes?
Good River, let me find thy courteſie,
Keep within bounds, and mayſt thou ne'er be dry.
Thou can'ſt not think it ſuch a mighty boaſt,
A Torrent has a gentle Lover croſt.
Rivers ſhou'd rather take the Lovers ſide;
Rivers themſelves Love's wondrous power have try'd.
'Twas on this ſcore *Inachus*, pale and wan,
Sickly, and green into the Ocean ran:
Long before *Troy* the ten-years ſiege did fear,
Thou, *Xanthus*, thou *Neara*'s chains didſt wear.
Ask *Achelöus* who his horns did drub,
Streight he complains of *Hercules*'s club.
For *Calydon*, for all *Ætolia*
Was then conteſted ſuch outrageous fray?

(It neither was for Gold, nor yet for Fee)
Deianira, it was all for thee.
E'en *Nile* ſo rich, that rowls through ſeven wide doors,
And uppiſh over all his Country ſcowrs;
For *Aſop*'s Daughter did ſuch flame contract,
As not by all that ſtock of waters ſlack't.
I might an hundred goodly Rivers name,
But muſt not paſs by thee, immortal *Thame*;
E'er thou coud'ſt *Iſis* to thy boſome take,
How did'ſt thou wind, and wander for her ſake?
The luſty——with broad *Humber* ſtrove,
Was it for Fame? I ſay, it was for Love.
What makes the noble *Ouz* up from the main
With hideous roar come briſtling back again?
He thinks his deareſt *Derwent* left behind,
Or fears her falſe, in new Embraces joyn'd.
Thee alſo ſome ſmall Girl has warm'd, we gueſs,
Tho woods and foreſts now hide thy ſoft place.
Whilſt this I ſpeak, it ſwells, and broader grows,
And o'er the higheſt banks impetuous flows.
Dog-ſloud what art to me? Or why doſt check
Our mutual Joys? And (Churle) my journey break?

What

What wou'dſt, if thee indeed ſome noble race,
Or high deſcent, and glorious name did grace?
When of no ancient houſe, or certain ſeat
(Nor, known before this time untimely, great)
Rais'd by ſome ſudden Thaw thus high and proud,
No holding thee, ill-manner'd upſtart Floud.
Not my Love-tales can make thee ſtay thy courſe,
Thou——Zounds, thou art a——River for a horſe.
Thou hadſt no Fountain, but from Bears wer't piſt,
From Snows and Thaws, or *Scotch* unſavoury miſt.
Thou crawlſt along, in Winter foul and poor,
In Summer puddl'd like a Common-ſhore.
In all thy days when did'ſt a courteſie?
Dry Traveller ne'er lay'd a lip to thee.
Thee bane to Cattel, to the Meadows worſe,
For ſomething, all, I, for my ſufferings, curſe.
To ſuch unworthy wretch, how am I ſham'd,
That I the generous amorous Rivers nam'd?
When *Nile*, and *Achelöus* I deſplay'd,
And *Thame*, and *Ouz*, what worm was in my head?
For thy reward, diſcourteous River, I
Wiſh, be the Summers hot, the Winters dry.

ELEGY

ELEGY the NINTH.

Upon the Death of Tibullus.

Engliſhed By Mr. Stepny.

IF *Memnon*'s fate, bewail'd with conſtant dew,
Does, with the Day, his Mothers grief renew;
If her Son's death mov'd tender *Thetis* mind
To ſwell with tears the waves, with ſighs the wind;
If mighty Gods can Mortals ſorrow know,
And be the humble partners of our woe.
Now looſe your treſſes, penſive Elegy,
(Too well your Office and your Name agree.)
Tibullus once the joy and pride of Fame
Lives now, rich fuell on the trembling flame.
Sad *Cupid* now deſpairs of conqu'ring hearts,
Throws by his empty Quiver, breaks his Darts:
Eaſes his uſeleſs Bows from idle ſtrings;
Nor flies, but humbly creeps with Flagging wings.

He

He wants, of which he rob'd fond Lovers, reſt;
And wounds with furious hands his penſive breaſt.
Thoſe graceſull Curles which wantonly did flow,
The whiter rivals of the falling Snow,
Forget their beauty, and in diſcord lye
Drunk with rhe fountain from his melting Eye.
Not more *Æneas* loſs the Boy did move,
Like paſſions for them both prove Equal love.
Tibullus Death grieves the fair Goddeſs more,
More ſwells her eyes, than when the ſavage Bore
Her beautifull, her lov'd *Adonis* tore.

Poets large Souls Heaven's nobleſt ſtamps do bear
(Poets the watchfull Angels darling care)
Yet Death (Blind Archer) that no diff'rence knows,
Without reſpect his,roving Arrows throws.
Nor *Phœbus*, nor the Muſes Queen could give,
Their Son, their own prerogative, do Live.
Orpheus, the Heir of both his Parents skill,
Tam'd wondring beaſts, not Deaths more cruel will.
Linus ſad ſtrings on the dumb Lute do lie,
In ſilence forc't to let their Maſter die.

Homer

Homer (the ſpring, to whom We Poets owe
Our little All, does in ſweet numbers flow)
Remains immortal onely in his Fame,
His Works alone ſurvive the envious flame.
In vain to Gods (if Gods there are) we pray,
And needleſs victims prodigally pay.
Worſhip their ſleeping Deities: Yet Death
Scorns Votaries, and ſtops the Praying breath.
To hallow'd ſhrines intruding Fate will come,
And dragg you from the Altar to the Tomb.
Go, frantick Poet, with deluſions fed,
Think Laurels guard your Conſecrated head,
Now the ſweet Maſter of your art is dead.
What can we hope? ſince that a narrow ſpan
Can meaſure the remains of thee, Great Man.
The bold, raſh flame that durſt approach ſo nigh,
And ſee *Tibullus*, and not trembling die,
Durſt ſeize on Temples, and their Gods defy.
Fair *Venus* (fair e'en in ſuch ſorrows) ſtands,
Cloſing her heavy eyes with trembling hands.
Anon, in vain, officiouſly ſhe tries
To quench the flame with rivers from her eyes.

His

His Mother weeping doth his eye-lids cloſe,
And on his Urn Tears, her laſt gift, beſtows.
His Siſter too, with hair diſhevel'd, bears
Part of her Mothers Nature and her Tears.
With theſe two fair, two mournfull Rivals come,
And add a greater triumph to his Tomb:
Both hug his Urn, both his lov'd Aſhes kiſs,
And both contend which reapt the Greater bliſs.
Thus *Delia* ſpoke, (when ſighs no more could laſt)
Renewing by remembrance pleaſures paſt;
" When Youth with Vigour did for joy combine,
" I was *Tibullus* life, *Tibullus* mine;
" I entertain'd his hot, his firſt deſire,
" And kept alive, till Age, his active Fire.
To her then *Nemeſis* (when groans gave leave)
" As I alone was lov'd, alone I'll grieve;
" Spare your vain tears, *Tibullus* heart was mine,
" About my Neck his dying arms did twine;
" I ſnatcht his Soul, which true to me did prove;
" Age ended Yours, Death onely ſtopt my Love.
If any poor remains ſurvive the flames
Except thin ſhadows, and more empty names;

Free

Free in *Elyſium* ſhall *Tibullus* rove,
Nor fear a ſecond death ſhould croſs his love.
There ſhall *Catullus*, crown'd with Bays impart
To his far dearer Friend his open heart.
There *Gallus* (if Fame's hundred tongues all lye)
Shall, free from cenſure, no more raſhly die.
Such ſhall our Poets bleſt Companions be,
And in their Deaths, as in their Lives, agree.
But thou, rich Urn, obey my ſtrict commands,
Guard thy great Charge from Sacrilegious hands.
Thou, Earth, *Tibullus* Aſhes gently uſe,
And be as ſoft and eaſie as his Muſe.

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

To his Miſtreſs, deſiring her that (if ſhe will be falſe to him) ſhe wou'd manage her Intrigues with Secreſie.

Engliſhed By Mr. Tate.

I Can allow ſuch charmes, Inconſtancy;
But prethee hide your am'rous Thefts from me.
I never meant your pleaſures to confine,
Jilt privately, and I ſhall ne'er repine.
She's Innocent that can her Crime deny,
And makes no fault till the diſcovery:
'Tis madneſs your own frailty to betray,
And what you ſtole by Night confeſs by Day:
What ſhameleſs trading Punk of this lewd Age,
But will ſecure the Door e'er ſhe Engage?
Yet thou tak'ſt pride to publiſh thy own ſhame,
Unjuſt to me, but falſer to thy fame.
Be wiſer, and if chaſte thou canſt not grow,
Pretend at leaſt, and I'll believe thee ſo.

Doe

Doe what thou do'ſt, but ſtill forſwear it all,
And from thy Tongue let modeſt language fall.
You have your *Grotto*, your convenient ſhade.
A place for Loves moſt free Enjoyments made.
(Remov'd from thence a modeſt Carriage take,
And with your Bed your looſe deſires forſake,)
But there undreſs thee in thy Lover's ſight,
And Sally naked to the wanton ſight;
Faſt wreath'd in your Embraces let him lye,
And in your Boſoms ſweet tranſported Dye;
Your ſofteſt Language, tendereſt ſighs, employ,
And let the trembling Bed confeſs your Joy:
But grow reſerv'd when the looſe Scene is done,
And with your Robes a modeſt Meen put on;
Impoſe upon the Crowd, impoſe on me,
Whilſt Ignorant, I ſhall not Injur'd be.
Why do I ſee your Billets come and go?
Your Pallet preſt, your Bed diſorder'd too?
Your looſe and ruffled Hair each Morning ſeems,
T' imply a buſie Night, and more than dreams;
The am'rous warmth ſtill glowing on the cheek,
And prints of eager kiſſes on your Neck.

At leaſt I wou'd not an Eye-witneſs be:
Spare if thou canſt thy Fame, if not ſpare me!
When by your ſelf your looſe Intrigues are told,
My ſenſe forſakes me, and my bloud grows cold!
'Tis then I rage by fits with Love and State,
And madly wiſh on both a ſudden Fate.
Perſue your Trade, but let me never ſee't,
And I ſhall ne'er enquire what Fops you meet;
"If you with Wheedles or with Cullies ſleep;
"What Terms you've made; whether y'are kept or (keep,
Eaſie thy Conqueſt is, when but to ſay
I have not don't, takes all my rage away:
Thus ſtill thy Cauſe ſhall for its merit ſpeed,
Or by the favour of thy Judge, Succeed.

ELEGY the THIRTEENTH.

He deſires his Miſtreſs if ſhe does Cuckold him not to let him know it.

Engliſhed By another Hand.

I Do not ask you wou'd to me prove true,
Since your a woman and a fair one two.
Act what you pleaſe, yet ſtudy to diſguiſe
The wanton Scenes from my deluded Eyes.
A ſtiff denial will attenuate
That Crime which your confeſſion would make great:
And 'twere unwiſe to truſt the Tell-tale light,
With the dark Secrets of the ſilent night.
Thô bought to be enjoy'd, a common Whore,
E'er ſhe begins, will ſhut the Chamber door.
And will you turn debauch'd, then vainly own
How lewd you are, to this malicious Town?
At leaſt ſeem vertuous, and thô falſe it be,
Say you are honeſt and I'll credit thee.

Conceal

Conceal your Actions, and while I am by
Let modeſt words your looſer Thoughts bely.
When to your private Chamber you retire,
Unmask your luſt, and vent each warm deſire.
Throw off affected Coyneſs, and remove
The bold intruder between thee and love:
Talk not of Honour, lay that Toy aſide,
In men 'tis folly, and in women pride:
There without Bluſhes you may naked lye
Claſping his Body with your tender Thigh;
Shoot your moiſt Dart into his mouth to ſhow
The Senſe you have of what he Acts below.
Try all the ways, your pliant Bodies Twine
In folds more ſtrange than thoſe of *Aretine*:
With melting looks fierce Joys you may Excite,
And with thick dying Accents urge delight.
But when you're dreſt then look as Innocent,
As if you knew not what ſuch matters meant:
And thô juſt now a perfect fiend you were,
Hide the true woman and a Saint appear.
Cozen the prying Town, and put a cheat
On it and me, I'll favour the deceit.

Falſe as thou art why muſt I daily ſee
Th' Intriguing Billet Deux he ſends to thee?
The wanton Sonnet or ſoft Elegy?
Why does your Bed all tumbled ſeem to ſay,
See what they've done, ſee where the Lovers lay?
Why do your Locks and rumpled Head-cloaths ſhew
'Twas more than uſual ſleep that made 'em ſo?
Why are the kiſſes which he gave betray'd,
By the Impreſſion which his teeth had made?
Yet ſay your chaſte and I'll be ſtill deceiv'd,
What much is wiſh'd for, is with eaſe believ'd.
But when you own what a lewd wretch thou art,
My bloud grows cold and freezes at my heart.
Then do I curſe thee and thy Crimes reprove,
But Curſe in vain, for ſtill I find I love.
Since ſhe is falſe, oft to my ſelf I cry,
Wou'd I were dead, yet 'tis with thee I'de dye.
I will not fee your Maid to let me know
Who viſits you, where and with whom you go.
Nor by your lodging ſend my Boy to ſcout,
And bring me word who paſſes in and out.

Injoy

Injoy the pleaſure of the preſent times,
But let not me be knowing of your Crimes.
Do you forſwear't thô in the Act you're caught,
I'll truſt the Oath, and think my Eyes in fault.

ELEGY the FIRST Of the Second Book.

That He can write of nothing but Love. Engliſhed By Mr. Adams.

THis too I ſing (this Love commanded too)
I who thus kindly my own lewdneſs ſhow;
Hence the unfaſhionably vertuous Maid,
Such Scenes muſt not on ſuch a Stage be play'd;
Me the brisk Wife by her dull Husband reade,
I'll raiſe their fancy, and Improve their breed:
Me the raw Youth whoſe Breaſt firſt flames do move,
Unknown to care, and unexpert of Love.
The more experienc't who my Wounds have known,
Here in my ſufferings may diſcern their own.

Then wondring ſay, how could this Poet tell
The ſeveral chances of my Love ſo well!
Once I remember in a Nobler ſtrain
I rais'd my Voice, nor did I ſing in vain:
I ſung of Gyants, and of Wars above,
How Impious *Earth* reveng'd her ſelf on *Jove*;
While her Vile off-ſpring in Rebellion riſe,
And Mountains heapt on Mountains ſtorm'd the skyes:
And now I would deſcribe the War, and now
I'de ſhew what *Jove* could for his Heaven doe.
When the lov'd Maid, who did with trembling hear
The ſounding Numbers, ſhut me out for fear,
Jove and his Thunder ſoon away I threw,
Jove and his Thunder here could little doe;
I choſe ſoft Meaſures ſuch as Love inſpire,
And warn the wiſhing Maid into deſire:
Sweet Elegy my own my faithfull Arms,
And ſoon the door grew ſofter to my Charms;
Charms wch from Heav'n force down the bloudy Moon,
And ſtop the Courſers of the Sun at Noon;
Charms which the ſwelling Serpent burſt in twain,
And turn the Rivers to their Springs again.

Should

Should my great Theme ſome mighty Hero be,
What could that mighty Hero doe for me?
But when the Beauties of ſome lovely Maid
In my juſt lines are faithfully diſplay'd;
She kindly, ſhe the Poet's Pains regards,
And oft her praiſes with her ſelf rewards;
Ah who! who would not be rewarded ſo!
Farewell ye Hero's, I am not for you:
Let every Charming Maid to me repair,
'Tis I, know beſt how to oblige the Fair;
Here Loves kind heat each tender breaſt ſhall move
In Gentle Verſe, Verſe dictated by Love.

ELEGY the FIFTEENTH
Of the Second Book.
On a Ring ſent to his Miſtreſs.
Engliſhed By Mr. Adams.

THou that the finger of my Fair ſhalt bind,
In whom the Giver's Love ſhe'll onely find,
Go, but accepted be, accepted ſo
That on her Joynt thou preſently may'ſt go;

Fit her as well as I am us'd to do,
When round her Waſte, my Circling Armes I throw.
By my *Corinna* thou'lt oft handled be,
Ah happy Ring! how do I envy thee?
O that my Guift I quickly might be made,
By ſome ſtrange Witchcraft, or ſome Magick aid;
Then would I wiſh her ſwelling breaſts ſhe'd feel,
While from her lovely hand I'de ſlyely ſteal,
Off would I drop, thô ſticking faſt before,
And kiſs the Snowey Boſome I adore:
Then would I wiſh I might her Signet be,
And that the Wax from ſticking might be free;
From her fair mouth I'de humid kiſſes ſteal,
And every Letter bite my Rival's ſeal:
But moſt I'de wiſh ſhe would me with her bear,
When to the Bath ſhe'd ſecretly repair;
Yet Then! O Then! I ſhould my ſelf betray
While I her Naked Armes her Breaſts ſurvey,
While my devouring Eye would wander lower,
I ſhould riſe Man and be a Ring no more.
In Vain I wiſh, go, little Preſent, go,
By thee my Love, my Faith by thee ſhe'll know.

PART

PART OF
VIRGIL'S
IV. *GEORGICK.*

Engliſhed By the E. *of* M.

'TIs not for nothing when juſt Heav'n does frown,
The wretched *Orpheus* brings theſe judgments down;
Whoſe wife avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to paſs,
Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the graſs:
A mournfull noiſe the ſpacious Vally fills,
With echoing cryes from all the Neighbouring hills;
The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;

All

All o'er the lonely ſands did wildly ſtray,
And with ſad Songs begin and end the day.
At laſt to Hell a frightfull journey made,
Paſs'd the wide gaping Gulph and diſmall ſhade;
Viſits the Ghoſts, and to that King repairs,
Whoſe heart's inflexible to humane prayers.
Hell ſeems aſtoniſh'd with ſo ſweet a Song,
Light Souls, and airie Spirits ſlide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driv'n home by night or ſome tempeſtuous wind;
Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
And mighty Heroes more majeſtick Shades;
Sons burnt before their mournfull Parents face,
Styx does all theſe in narrow bounds embrace
Nine times with loathſome mud, and noyſome weeds,
And all the filth which ſtanding water breeds:
Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death,
The Siſters with blue ſnaky curles took breath;
Ixion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
And the great Dog his three-mouth'd voice reſtrain'd.
Now ſafe return'd, and all theſe dangers paſt,
His Spouſe reſtor'd to breathe freſh air at laſt,

Following,

Following, for ſo *Proſerpina* was pleas'd,
A ſudden rage th' unwary Lover ſeiz'd ;
He when the firſt bright glimps of daylight ſhin'd,
Unmindfull, and impatient, look't behind,
A fault of Love, could Hell compaſſion find.
A dreadfull noiſe thrice ſhook the *Stygian* coaſt,
His hopes now fled, and all his labour loſt.
Why haſt thou thus undone thy ſelf and me?
What madneſs this? Again I'm ſnatch't from thee,
She faintly cry'd; Night, and the powers of Hell
Surround my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewell:
My hands ſtretch forth to reach thee as before,
But all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
No more allow'd to behold him or day;
Then from his ſight like ſmoak ſhe ſlipp'd away.
Much he would fain have ſpoke, but Fate, alas,
Would ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
Thus twice undone, what courſe now could he take
To redeem her already paſs'd the Lake?
How bear his loſs? what tears procure him eaſe?
Or with what vows the angry Powers appeaſe?

'Tis ſaid, he ſeven long months bewail'd his loſs
On bleak and barren Rocks, on whoſe cold moſs,
While languiſhing he Sung his Fatal flame,
He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.
So the ſad *Nightingale*, when Childleſs made
By ſome rough Swain who ſteals her young away,
Bewails her loſs under a Poplar ſhade,
Weeps all the night, in murmurs waſts the day;
Her ſorrow does a mournfull pleaſure yield,
And melancholly muſick fills the Field.
Marriage, nor Love could ever move his mind,
But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
Shivering on *Tanais* Snowey banks remain'd,
Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of *Bacchus* ſolemnis'd,
Kill'd the poor Youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His Head torn off from the fair body ſwims,
Down that ſwift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
And ſtill his Tongue in dolefull accents goes;
Ah, poor *Euridice*, it dying cry'd,
Euridice reſounds from every ſide.

THE

THE PARTING OF *SIRENO* and *DIANA.*

Engliſhed By Sir C. Scrope.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sireno *and* Diana *having lov'd each other with a moſt violent paſſion,* Sireno *is compell'd, upon the Account of his Maſter's ſervice, to go for ſome time into a Foreign Country. The Melancholly parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following* Eclogue.

CLoſe by a ſtream, whoſe flowry bank might give
Delight to Eyes that had no Cauſe to grieve,
The ſad *Sireno* ſate, and fed his Sheep,
Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;

Since

Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
From her dear Sight, who long had Charm'd his heart.
Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
That gave him firſt what this muſt take away;
Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
And nought forgot that might increaſe his pain.
Then with a ſigh raiſing his heavy Eyes,
Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he ſpies;
Sad as ſhe was, ſhe loſt no uſual Grace,
But as ſhe paſs'd ſeem'd to adorn the place:
Thither ſhe came to take her laſt Farewell,
Her ſilent Look did her ſad Buſineſs tell.
Under a Neighbouring Tree they ſate 'em down,
Whoſe ſhade had oft preſerv'd 'em from the Sun;
Each took the other by the willing hand,
Striving to ſpeak, but could no word Command:
With mutual Grief both were ſo overcome,
The much they had to ſay had made 'em dumb.
There many a time they two had met before,
But met, alas! upon a happier ſcore:
Cruel reverſe of Fate, which all the Joys
Their mutual preſence us'd to bring deſtroys.

Sireno ſaw his Fatal hour draw near,
And wanted ſtrength the parting pang to bear;
All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
And ſhe with equal Grief the Swain ſurvey'd;
Till his impriſon'd paſſion forc'd its way,
And gave him leave faintly at laſt to ſay,

SIRENO.

O my *Diana*! who wou'd have believ'd
That when the ſad *Sireno* moſt had griev'd,
Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
That wou'd not vaniſh at the ſight of thee?
Thy Charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds diſpell,
Let but *Diana* ſmile, and all was well.
Abſent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
And yet, alas! I dye to ſee thee now.

DIANA.

Turn, O *Sireno*! turn away thy Face,
While all her ſhame a bluſhing Maid betrays;
For though my Eyes a ſecret pain reveal,
My tongue at leaſt ſhou'd my fond thoughts conceal:
Yet I wou'd ſpeak, cou'd ſpeaking doe me good,
And ſince it is to thee, methinks it ſhou'd.

O Shep-

O Shepherd think how wretched I ſhall be,
When hither I return depriv'd of thee!
When ſitting all alone within this ſhade,
Which thou ſo oft thy tender Choice haſt made,
I reade my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
Of our paſt Love the kind affecting mark;
Then my deſpairing Soul to death muſt fly,
And muſt thou be content to let me dye?
Why doſt thou weep? Alas! thoſe Tears are vain,
Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us Complain.
By this the Falſhood of thy Vows I know,
For were thy ſorrow true, thou wou'dſt not go.

SIRENO.

Ceaſe, cruel Nymph, ſuch killing Language ceaſe,
And let the poor *Sireno* dye in peace.
Witneſs ye Everlaſting Powers above
That never Shepherd bore a truer Love!
With thee I wiſh 't had been my happy doom.
With thee alone to ſpend my Life to come;
That we now part is by no Fault of mine,
Nor yet, my deareſt Shepherdeſs, of thine;

For as no Faith did ever mine excell,
So never any Nymph deſerv'd ſo well.
But the great Shepherd whom we all obey,
'Tis his Command that forces me away;
What ever he ordains none dare refuſe,
I muſt my Joy, or elſe my Honour looſe:
Should I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
Thou might'ſt to thee think me diſloyal too.

DIANA.

No, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
How fond ſhe is that can believe Mankind;
Who ſuch Excuſes for himſelf pretends
Will eas'ly bear the abſence he defends.
A little time, I fear, will quite deface
Thy thoughts of me, to give another place:
Fool that I was my weakneſs to betray,
To one not mov'd with all that I can ſay.
Go, cruel Man, imbarck when e'er you pleaſe,
But take this with you as you paſs the Seas;
Tho' with the fierceſt Winds the Waves ſhould roar,
That Tempeſt will be leſs than mine on Shore.

SIRENO.

'Tis hard unjuſt ſuſpicions to abide,
But who can ſuch obliging Anger chide?
Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
My heart to this degree without thy Love:
For 'tis thy tender ſenſe of my ſad Fate,
That does my ſharpeſt, deadly'ſt pain create.
Ah fear not, to what place ſoe'er I go,
That I ſhall ever break my ſacred Vow:
When for another I abandon thee,
May Heav'n, for ſuch a Crime, abandon me.

DIANA.

If ever I my deareſt Swain deceive,
Or violate the Faith that here I give:
When to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
May the freſh Graſs ſtill wither where they tread;
And may this River, when I come to drink,
Dry up as ſoon as I approach the brink.
Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
And when for me thou canſt a minute ſpare,
Remember this poor pledge was once a part
Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.

Where e'er thou go'ſt may Fortune deal with thee
Better than thou, alas! haſt dealt with me.
Farewell, my Tears will give me leave to ſay
No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
Theſe weeping Eyes may once enjoy the ſight,
Before they cloſe in Deaths eternal Night.

SIRENO.

Then let *Sireno* baniſh all his fears,
Heaven cannot long reſiſt ſuch pious Tears.
The Righteous Gods, from whom our paſſion came,
Will pity (ſure) ſo innocent a Flame;
Reverſe the hard Decree for which we mourn,
And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
I ſhall again my Charming Nymph behold,
And never part, but in her Armes grow old:
That hope alone my breaking heart ſuſtains,
And Arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

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And Arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

THE STORY of *LUCRETIA* OUT OF Ovid *de Faſtis.* Book II.

Engliſhed By Mr. Creech.

NOw *Tarquin* the laſt King did Govern *Rome*,
Valiant abroad 'tis true, thô fierce at home;
Some Towns he won, ſome he did fairly beat,
And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit;
For of his Three brave Youths his youngeſt Son,
His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
His Father's Child Outright pretends a flight,
And came amidſt the Enemies by Night;
They drew their Swords, Come kill me now he ſaid,
My Father will rejoyce to ſee me dead:
See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
(To prove this true he had been whipt before)

The

The men grow mild, they ſheath their threatning ſwords
And view his wounds, and thoſe confirm his words:
Then each man weeps, and each his wrongs reſents
And begs to ſide with them, and he conſents.
Thus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in Truſt,
The firſt occaſion ſought to be unjuſt,
And the unthinking *Gabii*'s Town betray,
Conſults his Father for the ſureſt way.
There was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
A little Spring ran through the pleaſant Bowers,
The ſoft retreat of *Tarquin*'s thinking hours.
There when the meſſage came he chanc't to ſtand,
And lopt the talleſt Lilies with his wand:
With that the Meſſenger return'd, and ſaid,
I ſaw your Father crop the lofty head
Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you;
Well, ſays the Son, I know what I muſt doe,
And ſtreight the Nobles kill'd; When thoſe were gone
He ſoon betray'd the poor defenceleſs Town.
When lo (a wond'rous ſight) a Serpent came,
And ſnatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame;

Phœbus advis'd, and thus the Anſwer ran
He that ſhall kiſs (for ſo the Fates ordain)
His Mother firſt ſhall be the greateſt man.
Then ſtreight with eager haſte th' unthinking Crowd
Their Mothers kiſs't, nor underſtood the God.
But wiſer *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
Leſt *Tarquin* ſhould ſuſpect his riſing Soul,
Fell down, as if't had been a Caſual fall,
And kiſs't his Mother Earth before them all.
Now *Ardea* was beſieg'd, the Town was ſtrong,
The men reſolv'd, and ſo the Leaguer long:
And whilſt the Enemy did the War delay,
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe the careleſs Souldiers lay,
And ſpent the vacant time in ſport and play.
Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feaſts,
The Captains treats, and thus beſpeaks his Gueſts;
Whilſt we lye lingring in a tedious War,
And far from Conqueſt tired out with Care,
How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome*?
And are we thought on by our Wives at home?
Each ſpeaks for his, each ſays I'll ſwear for mine,
And thus a while they talkt, grown fluſht with Wine;

At laſt Young *Collatine* ſtarts up and cryes,
What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes;
Away to *Rome*, for that's the ſafeſt Courſe,
They all agree, ſo each man mounts his Horſe.
Firſt to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
No Watchmen there, and all the Gates unbar'd;
Young *Tarquin*'s Wife, her hair diſorder'd lay
And looſe, was ſitting there at Wine and play.
Thence to *Lucretia's*, She a lovely Soul
Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
Sate midſt her Maids, and as they wrought ſhe ſaid,
Make haſte, 'tis for my Lord as ſoon as made;
Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
Is raſh, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
Ah when I fanſie that I ſee him fight,
I ſwoon and almoſt periſh with the fright.
Then wept, and leaving her unfiniſht thread
Upon her boſome lean'd her lovely head.
All this became, gracefull her grief appears,
And ſhe, chaſt Soul, lookt beauteous in her tears.

Her Face lookt well, by Natures art deſign'd,
All charming fair, and fit for ſuch a mind.
I come, ſays *Collatine*, diſcard thy Fear,
At that ſhe ſtreight reviv'd, and oh my Dear,
She claſpt his neck, and hung a welcome burthen there.
Mean while Young *Tarquin* gathers luſtfull Fire,
He burns and rages with a wild Deſire;
Her Shape, her Lilie-white, and Yellow hair,
Her natural Beauty, and her gracefull Air,
Her words, her voice, and every thing does pleaſe,
And all agree to heighten the diſeaſe;
That ſhe was Chaſt doth raiſe his wiſhes higher,
The leſs his hopes, the greater his Deſire.
But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
His working Powers her abſent Form reſtore,
The more he minds her, ſtill he loves the more;
'Twas thus ſhe ſate, thus ſpun, and thus was dreſt,
And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her Breaſt;
Such was her Mein, and ſuch each Air and Grace,
And ſuch the charming figure of her Face.

As when a furious ſtorm is now blown o'er
The Sea's ſtill troubl'd, and the Waters roar
And curle upon the Winds that blew before.
So he thô gone the pleaſing form retains
The Fire her preſent Beauty rais'd remains;
He burns, and hurry'd by reſiſtleſs Charms,
Reſolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
I'll venture, let whatever fates attend,
The daring bold have fortune for their friend;
By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome;
This ſaid, he takes his Horſe, and ſpeeds for *Rome*:
The Sun was ſetting when he reach't the place,
With more than Evening Bluſhes in his Face;
A Gueſt in ſhew, an Enemy in deſign
He reach't the ſtately Court of *Collatine*,
And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly Kin.
How much are we deceiv'd? She makes a Feaſt,
And treats her Enemy as a Welcome Gueſt;
Now Supper's done, and ſleep invites to Bed,
And all was huſht, as Natures ſelf lay dead.
The Lamps put out, and all for reſt deſign'd,
No Fire in all the Houſe, but in his mind:

He

He roſe, and drew his Sword, with luſtfull ſpeed
Away he goes to chaſte *Lucretia*'s Bed;
And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
For look, *Lucretia*, hear's my naked Sword;
My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
The King's young Son, his beſt beloved Son.
Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
As harmleſs Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an eaſie prey.
Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
She trembled, and ſhe breath'd, and that was all:
What could ſhe doe? ah! could ſhe ſtrive? with whom?
A Man! a Woman's eaſily o'ercome.
Should ſhe cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
His violent Sword had quickly ſtopt her tongue.
What ſhould ſhe ſtrive to fly? that hope was gone,
Young *Tarquin* held her faſt, and kept her down.
He preſt her Boſome with a luſtfull hand;
That Chaſt, that Charming Breaſt then firſt prophan'd.
The Loving Foe ſtill ſues, reſolv'd to gain
With promiſe, threats, and Bribes: but all in vain

At laſt 'tis Folly to reſiſt, he cry'd,
My Love will riſe to Rage, if long deny'd;
For I'll accuſe thee of unlawfull Luſt,
Kill thee, and ſwear, thô falſe, thy Death was Juſt.
I'll ſtabb a Slave, and what's the worſt of harms,
Black Fame ſhall ſay I caught thee in his Arms.
This Art prevail'd, ſhe fear'd an injur'd name,
And liv'd and ſuffer'd, to ſecure her Fame.
Why doſt thou ſmile, Triumphant Raviſher?
This ſhamefull Victory ſhall coſt thee dear.
Thy ruine pay for this thy forc't delight,
How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
She bluſht, and roſe, and double Mourning wears,
As for her onely Son, ſhe ſits in Tears.
And for her Father, and her Husband ſends,
Each quickly hears the meſſage, and attends.
But when they came, and ſaw her drown'd in Tears,
Amaz'd they askt the Cauſe, what violent Fears,
What real ill did wound her tender mind;
What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief deſign'd?

But ſhe ſate ſilent ſtill, ſtill ſadly cry'd,
And hid her bluſhing Face, and wept, and ſigh'd.
Both ſtrive to Comfort, both lament her Fate,
And fear ſome deadly Ill, they know not what.
Thrice ſhe would ſpeak, thrice ſtopt, again ſhe tryes
To ſpeak her wrong, yet durſt not raiſe her Eyes:
This too on *Tarquin*'s ſcore, ſhe cry'd, I place;
I'll ſpeak, I'll ſpeak, ah me! my own diſgrace,
And what they could her modeſt words expreſt,
The laſt remain'd, her Bluſhes ſpoke the reſt.
Both weep, and both the forc't Offence forgive,
In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
The pity you beſtow, nor can I live.
This ſaid, her fatal Dagger pierc't her ſide,
And at her Father's feet ſhe fell and dy'd.
Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts above
As white, and Innocent as a Virgin Dove,
Not ſpotted with one thought of Lawleſs Love.
Yet as ſhe fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
The fall as modeſtly as ſhe had liv'd.
The Father o'er the Corpſe, and Husband fall,
And mourn, and both the common loſs bewail.

While

While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came
And ſhew'd his Soul ill ſuited with his Name.
He graſpt the Dagger reeking in her Gore,
And as he held it thus devoutly ſwore;
By thee, by this thy Chaſt and Innocent Bloud,
And by thy Ghoſt, which I'll eſteem a God;
Tarquin, and all his Race ſhall be expell'd,
My Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.
At that ſhe rais'd her Eyes, ſhe ſeem'd to bow
Her head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.
The Pomp appears, and as it paſſes by
The gaping Wound expos'd to publick view,
Fill'd all the Crowd with rage, and Juſtly drew
Curſes from every Heart, and Tears from every Eye.
Young *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the wrong,
And tells them they endure the King too long:
The King's expell'd, and Conſuls they create,
And thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. *Dryden's*

RELIGIO LAICI.

BEgone you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges, and your Maſter know;
Let free, impartial men from *Dryden* learn
Myſterious Secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing Senſe,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.

What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do
Muſt be an Angel; But what's that to you?

While mighty *Lewis* finds the *Pope* too Great,
And dreads the Yoke of his impoſing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power aſſume,
And would for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*;

That

That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;
Fanaticks caſt the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:
What then have honeſt thinking men to doe,
But chuſe a mean between th' Uſurping two?

Nor can the *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame a Muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat Excuſe;
What ever Counſels have approv'd his Creed,
The *PREFACE* ſure was his own Act and Deed.
Our Church will have that Preface read (You'll ſay,)
'Tis true, But ſo ſhe will th' *Apocrypha*;
And ſuch as can believe them freely may.

But did that *God* (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe *Darling* attribute is being good,
From the dark Womb of the Rude Chaos bring
Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
Yet leave his *Favorite*, *Man*, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt Inſects are?

O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs Millions muſt be doom'd a Prey

To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not doe!

The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
(And ſo do all their followers that Rebell)
If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* ſtray,
Shall the great Gulph be ſhow'd him for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln Angels Rooms will be but ill ſupply'd.

That *Chriſt*, who at the great deciding Day
(For He declares what He reſolves to ſay)
Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
And ſave the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to Hell,
For humble Charity, and hoping well.

To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profuſely ſhown
In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own!

I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

O TO

To Mr. *Dryden* on his

RELIGIO LAICI.

THoſe Gods the pious Ancients did adore
They learn'd in Verſe devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to uſe the common way
Of Talk when they did to ſuch Beings pray.
Nay They that taught Religion firſt, thought fit
In Verſe its ſacred Precepts to tranſmit:
So *Solon* too did his firſt Statutes draw,
And every little Stanza was a Law.
By theſe few Precedents we plainly ſee
The Primitive Deſign of Poetry;
Which by reſtoring to its Native uſe,
You generouſly have reſcu'd from Abuſe.

Whilſt

Whilſt your lov'd Muſe does in ſweet Numbers ſing,
She vindicates her God, and God-like King.
Atheiſt, and Rebel too, She does oppoſe,
(God and the King have always the ſame Foes.)
Legions of Verſe you raiſe in their defence,
And write the Factious to Obedience.
You the bold *Arian* to Arms defie,
A conquering Champion for the Deity
Againſt the Whigs firſt Parents, Who did dare
To diſinherit God-Almighty's Heir.
And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* firſt began
Is carried on by the *Socinian*,
Who ſtill Aſſociates to keep God a Man.
But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone
T' aſſert the Rights of God's, and Charles his Throne.
Whilſt vulgar Poets purchaſe vulgar Fame
By chaunting *Cloris*, or fair *Phyllis* Name;
Whoſe Reputation ſhall laſt as long,
As Fops and Ladies ſing the amorous Song.
A Nobler Subject wiſely they refuſe,
The Mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.

So Story tells, a Painter once would try
With his bold hand to limn a Deity;
And He, by frequent practiſing that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman ſit,
The Thunderer ſuch horrour did beget,
That put the frighted Artiſt to a ſtand,
And made his Penſil drop from's baſl'd Hand.

THE

THE XXII. ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE.*

Integer Vitæ, &c.

VErtue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt Guard is innocence:
None knew till Guilt created Fear
What Darts or poyſon'd Arrows were.

Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* ſands or *Scythian* ſnows,
Or where *Hydaſpes* wealthy ſide
Pays Tribute to the *Perſian* pride.

For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in *Sabin* Woods I ſtray'd,
A Griſly foaming Wolf, unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.

No Beaſt of more Portentous ſize,
In the *Hercinian* foreſt lies ;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.

Set me in the remoteſt place,
That *Neptune*'s frozen Arms Embrace ;
Where Angry *Jove* did never ſpare
One breath of Kind and temperate Air.

Set me where on ſome pathleſs plain
The ſwarthy *Africans* complain,
To ſee the Chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching Country run.

The burning Zone the frozen Iſles
Shall hear me ſing of *Cælia*'s ſmiles,
All cold but in her Breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that of *Cælia*'s Eyes.

Roſcomon.

THE

THE VI. ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF *HORACE.*

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THoſe Ills your Anceſtors have done,
Romans are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling Temples which the Gods Provoke,
And Statues ſully'd yet with Sacraligious ſmoke.

Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, grateſull Piety,
(As it rewarded their Reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your Neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let *Craſſus* Ghoſt and *Labienus* tell
How twice by *Jove's* revenge our Legions fell,
And with inſulting Pride
Shining in *Roman* ſpoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.

The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*,
While our Seditions took their part
Fill'd each *Ægyptian* ſail, and wing'd each *Scythian* dart.

Firſt, thoſe Flagitious times,
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conſpir'd to violate the Nuptial Bed
From which polluted head,
Infectious Streams of Crowding Sins began,
And through the Spurious Breed and guilty Nation ran.

Behold a Ripe and Melting Maid,
Bound Prentice to the Wanton Trade;
Jönian Artiſts at a mighty price
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice,

What

What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtile Baits to lay,
And with an Early hand they form the temper'd Clay.

Marry'd, their Leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And ſcorns the Common mean deſign
To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,
Or ſnatch in ſome dark place
A haſty Illegitimate Embrace.

No! the Brib'd Husband knows of all
And bids her Riſe when Lovers call;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal* repairs,
Who feeds upon the fleſh of Heirs,
Convenient Brutes, whoſe tributary flame,
Pays the full price of Luſt, and guilds the ſlighted ſhame.

'Twas not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe,
That Dy'd with *Punick* bloud the Conquer'd Seas,

And quaſh't the ſtern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Aſian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was againſt *Europes* ſteel,
Forc't e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield;
And won the long diſputed World at *Zamas* fatal Field.

But Souldiers of a Ruſtick Mould
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, Manly, bold,
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or through hewn Woods their weighty ſtrokes did ſound.
And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their Task was done
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drownd in friendly Bowles the labour of the day.

Time ſenſibly all things impairs
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs,
And we than Ours, next Age will ſee
A Race more Profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

Roſcomon.

THE

THE IV. ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE.*

COnquer'd with ſoft and pleaſing Charmes
And never failing Vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his froſty arms
To free the joyfull Spring;
Which for freſh Loves with youthfull heat do's burn;
Warm South-winds court her, and with fruitfull ſhowrs
Awake the drowſie flowers,
Who haſte and all their ſweetneſs bring
To pay their yearly Oflering.

No nipping White is ſeen,
But all the Fields are clad in pleaſant Green,
And onely fragrant Dews now fall:
The Ox forſakes his once warm Stall

To bask in th' Sun's much warmer beams ;
The Plowman leaves his fire and his ſleep,
Well pleas'd to whiſtle to his labr'ing Teams;
Whilſt the glad Shepherd pipes to's friſking Sheep.
Nay tempted by the ſmiling sky
Wreckt Merchants quit the ſhore,
Reſolving once again to try
The Wind and Seas Almighty power ;
Chooſing much rather to be dead than poor.

Upon the flow'ry plains,
Or under ſhady Trees,
The Shepherdeſſes and their Swains
Dance to their rural harmonies,
Then ſteal in private to the covert Groves,
There finiſh their well heighten'd loves.
The City Dame takes this pretence
(Weary of Husband and of innocence)
To quit the ſmoak & buſineſs of the Town,
And to her Country-houſe retires,
Where ſhe may bribe, then graſp ſome brawny clown,
Or her appointed Gallant come

To

To feed her looſe deſires;
Whilſt the poor Cuckold by his ſweat at home
Maintains her Luſt and pride:
Bleſt as he thinks in ſuch a beauteous bride.

Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why ſhould not we?
Let's then accept our Mother Natures treat,
And pleaſe our ſelves with all that's ſweet;
Let's to the ſhady Bowers,
Where crown'd with gaudy flowers
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
Truſt me, *Thyrſis*, the grim Conquerer's death
With the ſame freedom ſnatches a King's breath.
He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.
Thô we each day with coſt repair
He mocks our greateſt skill and utmoſt care,
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the ſtrong,
And he that lives the longeſt dyes but young;
And once depriv'd of light
We're wrapt in miſts of endleſs Night.

Once

Once come to thoſe dark Cells of which we're told
So many ſtrange Romantick tales of Old,
(In things unknown Invention's juſtly bold)
No more ſhall Mirth and Wine
Our loves and wits refine.
No more ſhall your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis ſo long you've priz'd:
Nay ſhe too in the Grave
Shall lye like us deſpis'd.

THE

THE IV. ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE.*

Engliſhed By Mr. Duke.

BLuſh not, my friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captives eyes do move:
Achilles once the Fierce, they Brave,
Stoopt to they Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmeſſa's charmes could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour;
Great *Agamemnon*, when ſucceſs
Did all his Arms with Conqueſt bleſs;
When *Hector*'s fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midſt of Triumph dyes.

You

You know not to what mighty line
The lovely Maid may make you joyn ;
See but the charmes her ſorrow wears,
No common cauſe could draw ſuch tears;
Thoſe ſtreams ſure that adorn her ſo
For loſs of Royal kindred flow :
Oh! think not ſo divine a thing
Could from the bed of Commons ſpring ;
Whoſe faith could ſo unmov'd remain,
And ſo averſe to ſordid gain,
Was never born of any race
That might the nobleſt Love diſgrace.
Her blooming Face, her ſnowey Armes,
Her well ſhap't Leg, and all her charmes
Of her Body and her Face,
I, poor I, may ſafely praiſe.
Suſpect not Love the youthfull Rage
From *Horace*'s declining Age,
But think remov'd by forty years
All his flames and all thy fears.

THE VIII. ODE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE.*

Engliſhed By Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
By which the falſe *Barine* ſwore,
Falſe, fair *Barine*, on thy head
Had the leaſt Mark of Vengeance ſhed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had ſuffer'd by thy Perjury,
I ſhould believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd doſt more charming grow,
Of all our Youth the publick care,
Nor half ſo falſe as thou art Fair.
It thrives with thee to be forſworn
By thy dead Mothers ſacred Urn,

By Heaven and all the Stars that ſhine
Without, and every God within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does ſmile,
Her Nymphs all ſmile, her little Son
Does ſmile, and to his Quiver run;
Does ſmile and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee freſh Lovers hearts.
See, all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy train of Slaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee
Thô oft they threaten to be free,
Thô oft with Vows falſe as thine are
Their forſworn Miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every carefull Mother fears
For her Son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
In *Hymen's* Fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain by ſtronger Charms
Th' expected Husband from her Armes.

HORACE and *LYDIA.*

THE IX. ODE.

Engliſhed By Mr. Duke.

HORACE.

WHilſt I was welcome to your heart
In which no happier youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Armes,
I flouriſh'd richer and more bleſt
Than the great Monarch of the Eaſt.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The onely Theme of Verſe and Fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd
Whoſe Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

HORACE.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muſe,
And every Grace adorn, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to ſave
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire;
For whom I twice would dye, to ſave
His youth more pretious from the Grave.

HORACE.

What if our former Loves return,
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn?
If *Chloe*'s baniſh't to make way
For the forſaken *Lydia*?

LYDIA.

Thô He is ſhining as a Star,
Conſtant and kind as he is fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.

A DIA-

A
DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
HORACE and *LYDIA.*
Engliſhed by another Hand.

HORACE.

WHile I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part;
Unrival'd while my Longing Arms I caſt
About your lovely Neck and ſlender waſte,
And you to every one but me were chaſte;
I ſcorn'd the lofty *Perſian* Monarch's ſtate,
And thought my ſelf more happy and as great.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer ſhe
Had ſtoln your wandring heart away from me;
While *Chloe* ſeem'd not *Lydia* to out-ſhine,
Nor gain'd a Conqueſt that before was mine;

Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her ſweet embraces ſought.

HORACE.

Now *Thracyan Chloe* has ſupply'd your place,
She Charms me with her Muſick and her Face;
To ſave her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

LYDIA.

Fair *Calais* now the ſweet *Meſſenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my Dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

HORACE.

What if kind *Venus* ſhould our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we ſlight?
If *Chloe* with her Golden locks ſhould yield,
And baniſht *Lydia* ſhould regain the Field?

LYDIA.

If ſo, thô you are cruel and unkind
Leſs to be truſted than the Seas or Wind;
Thô he ſo kind ſo charming and ſo true,
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye, with you.

ELEGY

THE III. ELEGY

Of the firſt Book of Propertius.

Engliſhed By Mr. Adams.

AS on the Beach ſad *Ariadne* lay,
While the deaf Winds falſe *Theſeus* bore away;
As from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
More ſweet more fair in her firſt Slumber ſeem'd;
Or as the no leſs weary *Bacchanall*
Surpris'd by ſleep near ſome ſmooth ſtream do's fall;
Such ſeem'd to Me, ſo was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
While breathing ſoft repoſe the lovely Maid
On her fair hand reclin'd her bending Head;
When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
Drag'd home at Midnight my unfaithfull Feet;
But as ſh' appear'd ſo charming to my view,
Gently I preſt the Bed, and near her drew;
Thinking (for ſo much ſenſe I ſtill retain'd)
The Fort of Love might by ſurpriſe be gain'd;

Yet thô commanded by a double fire,
Both by the ſlames of Wine, and hot deſire;
Thô my lewd hand would naughtily have ſtray'd,
And I would fain my Arms have ready made;
I durſt not in the ſoft aſſault engage,
Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage;
But ſo my greedy Eyes ſurvey'd her o'er,
The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more;
Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
And try'd how ſweetly 'twould on *Cynthia*'s ſhow.
Sometimes corrected her diſorder'd Hair,
That looſely wanton'd with the ſportive Air;
And when ſhe ſigh'd, I credulouſly fear'd
Some frightfull Viſion to my Love appear'd. (ſhone,
Till the bright Moon through the wide Window
(The Moon that would not ſuddenly be gon;)
She with her ſubtile rayes unclos'd Her eyes,
When thus againſt me did her fury riſe.

At length affronted by ſome Tawdry Jade,
Kick't out of doors, you're forc't into my Bed;
For where is it you ſpend my Nights? you come
Drawn off and Impotent at Morning home;

I wiſh

I wiſh baſe man! I wiſh ſuch nights you had,
As you force me! unhappy me! to lead!
Sometimes I with my Needle ſleep deceive,
Then with my Lute my wearineſs releive;
Then do I weep, and curſe your tedious ſtay,
While in ſome others Armes you melt away;
Till ſleeps ſoft wings my willing Eye-lids cloſe,
Beguile my Sorrows and my Cares compoſe,

OUT OF
PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fœda eſt in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

'TIs but a Short, but a filthy Pleaſure,
And we ſoon nauſeate the enjoy'd treaſure;
Let not us then as luſtfull Beaſts do,
Slovenly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
Leſt we put out Love's gentle fire,
And he droop, and languiſh in impotent deſire:

But

But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kiſs,
Thus, thus, improve the laſting bliſs!
There is no labour here, no ſhame,
The ſolid Pleaſure's ſtill the ſame,
Never, oh, never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.

EPISTLE

To *R. D.* from *T. O.*

My much lov'd Friend,

WHen thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light deſpiſe?
Night, kinder night's the much more welcome gueſt,
For though it bring ſmall eaſe, it hides at leaſt;
Or if e'er ſlumbers and my eyes agree, (thee.
'Tis when they're crown'd with pleaſing dreams of

Laſt

Laſt night methought(Heaven make the next as kind)
Free as firſt innocence, and unconfin'd
As our firſt Parents in their *Eden* were,
E'er yet condemn'd to eat their bread with Care;
We two together wander'd through a grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all ſhade above,
Mild as our friendſhip, ſpringing as our Love;
Hundreds of chearfull Birds fill'd every Tree,
And ſung their joyfull Songs of Liberty;
While through the gladſome Choire well pleas'd we (walk'd,
And of our preſent Valu'd State thus talkt;
How happy are we in this ſweet retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who'd labour to be great?
Who for preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
What fiſh of ſenſe would on that ſhallow lye,
Amongſt the little ſtarving wriggling Frye,
That throng and crowd each other for a Taſte
Of the deceitfull, painted, poiſon'd Paſte;
When the wide River, he behind him ſees,
Where he may lanch to Liberty and Eaſe?

No

No cares or buſineſs here diſturb our hours,
While underneath theſe ſhady, peaceſull Bowers,
In cool delight and innocence we ſtray,
And midſt a Thouſand pleaſures waſte the day;
Sometimes upon a Rivers bank we lye,
Where skimming Swallows o'er the ſurface ſly,
Juſt as the Sun, declining with his Beams,
Kiſſes, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
Amidſt whoſe current riſing Fiſhes play,
And rowl in wanton Liberty away.
Perhaps, hard by there grows a little buſh,
On which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thruſh,
Nightly their ſolemn Orgyes meeting keep,
And ſing their Veſpers e'er they go to ſleep:
There we two lye, between us may be's ſpread
Some Book, few underſtand though many read,
Sometimes we *Virgil*'s Sacred leaves turn o'er,
Still wond'ring, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
How *Juno*'s rage did good *Æneas* vex,
Then how he had Revenge upon her Sex
In *Dido*'s ſtate, whom bravely he enjoy'd,
And quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;

He

He knew the fatal danger of her charms,
And ſcorn'd to melt his vertue in her Armes.
Next *Niſus* and *Euryalus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendſhip, and their Martial fire;
We praiſe their valour 'cauſe yet matcht by none,
And Love their Friendſhip, ſo much like our own.
But when to give our minds a Feaſt indeed,
Horace, beſt known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our Tranſports, or our longings tell,
To taſte of Pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?
With thoughts of Love, and wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in ſweet retirement much deſir'd:
A generous Bottle, and a Loveſome She,
Are th' onely Joys in nature, next to Thee:
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that onely can) to add delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two, we'd wiſh for there,
Dear *B*——*ly*, kind as parting Lovers tears
Ad——*ly*, honeſt as the Sword he wears,
W——*ſon*, profeſſing friendſhip yet a Friend,
Or——*S*—*rt*, beyond what numbers can commend,

F——*ch*,

F—ch, full of kindneſs, gen'rous as his bloud,
Watchfull to doe, too modeſt merit good;
Who have forſook the vile tumultuous Town,
And for a taſte of life to us come down;
With eager armes, how cloſely then w' embrace,
What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choiceſt Meats at leaſt, though not with ſtore:
Of Bottles next ſucceeds a goodly Train,
Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain:
Each waited on by a bright Virgin-glaſs,
Clean, ſound and ſhining like its drinker's Laſs.
Then down we ſit, while every Genius tryes
T' improve, till he deſerves his Sacrifice:
No ſaucy hour preſumes to ſtint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night:
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes th' obedient Treaſure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his ſilent bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his head;
But every ſenſe with perfect pleaſure's fed;

Till

Till in full Joy diſſolv'd, each falls aſleep,
With twining limbs, that ſtill loves poſture keep,
At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet, craving love till the next night:
Then we the drowſie Sells of ſleep forſake,
And to our Books, our earlieſt viſit make;
Or elſe our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there methinks, Fancy ſits Queen of all;
While the poor under faculties reſort,
And to her fickle majeſty make Court;
The Underſtanding firſt comes plainly clad,
But uſefully; no ent'rance to be had,
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a troop behind;
He meets reception from the Antick Queen,
Who thinks her Majeſty's moſt honour'd when
Attended by thoſe fine dreſt Gentlemen.
Reaſon, the honeſt Counſeller, this knows,
And into Court with res'lute vertue goes;
Lets Fancy ſee her looſe irregular ſway,
Then how the flattering Follies ſneak away!

This

This Image when it came too fiercely ſhook
My Brain which its ſoft quiet ſtreight forſook;
When waking as I caſt my eyes around,
Nothing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
No grove, no freedom, and what's worſe to me,
No friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
Soon then my thoughts with their old Tyrant Care
Were ſeiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r,
Gods! life's your gift, then ſeaſon't with ſuch fate,
That what ye meant a bleſſing prove no weight.
Let me to the remoteſt part be whirl'd,
Of this your play-thing made in haſte, the World;
But grant me quiet, liberty and peace,
By day what's needfull, and at night ſoft eaſe;
The Friend I truſt in, and the She I love,
Then fix me; and if e'er I wiſh remove,
Make me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
Set me in power, the wofull'ſt ſtate of Man;
To be by Fools miſled, to Knaves a prey,
But make Life what I ask, or tak't away.

A LETTER

A
LETTER to a FRIEND.

A Youth once free and happy, now a ſlave,
Found a retreat within a peacefull Cave;
Where no intruders durſt his hours moleſt,
(But the dear Paſſion ſtill inflam'd his Breaſt)
And where abandon'd to his reſtleſs pains,
He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
From thence——
To a dear Friend (ſuch as are hard to find)
Known true and juſt, and longing to be kind,
Who always ſhar'd his pleaſures and his pain,
In theſe ſad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My onely Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate;
Your pity e'er I ask I'm ſure to gain,
But cruel *Cynthia*'s never muſt obtain.

You are not ign'rant of Her charms I know,
Too well by Her they're known, and thence my Woe:
Yet muſt I not complain, I own the Fair
Has juſtly doom'd me to the pains I bear;
For I have long profanely laught at Love,
And oft to make the World deſpiſe it, ſtrove.

Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
With pleaſures wing'd my minutes Gaily flew:
When Beauty wounded, Wine ſoon freed my ſoul,
My peace came ſwimming in the healing Bowl;
Or if too weak the Wine againſt Love's charms,
I took ſome Balmy Harlot to my Armes;
Which always did the rageing pains remove,
And cool the ſtings of any other Love.
In peace and plenty, with ſtill new delights,
I paſt my Joyfull days, and Amorous Nights.

But now in vain that freedom loſt I mourn,
My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;
Too ſtrong's my paſſion, as the Nymph too Fair,
(Ah, Lovely Nymph, muſt I for ever bear!)

In your bright Eyes ſuch Heav'nly Beauty's ſhine,
You want but mercy to be all Divine;
Loſt freedom to regain I dare not try,
That were Rebellion, and I ought to Dye.
Why ſhou'd your pow'rfull Charms your pride create,
Your pride your onely fault, my onely Fate?

Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conqueſt of Her eyes,
Since firſt my Heart was made Her ſacrifice,
And ſhe the panting Victim cou'd deſpiſe.
Yet ſpite of all Her rigorous diſdain,
I love my Ruine, and I hugg my Chain.

Reaſon in vain endeavours to perſuade
That I ſhou'd quit this Haughty, ſcornfull Maid;
Small Paſſions often make our Reaſon yeild,
When Love invades, it well may quit the Feild.

Your hopeleſs Friend thus Languiſhing remains,
Enſlav'd by one who will not eaſe his pains; (plains.
Smiles when he weeps, and Frowns when he com-

AN ELEGY BY

The Wife of St. ALEXIAS *(a Nobleman of* Rome*) complaining on his abſence, he having left her on his Wedding Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal to go Viſit the* Chriſtian Churches.

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond *a* Jeſuit.

I Prais'd and Lov'd by the beſt Youth of *Rome*,
My fatal Charms ſent many to their Tomb,
Now wretched Maid, and miſerable Wife,
In tears, and in complaints, muſt waſte my Life;
Abandon'd by my Husband e'er enjoy'd,
With thoughts of pleaſures yet untaſted cloy'd.

He

He leaves me to my anxious cares a Prey;
Ah! my *Alexias*, whither do you ſtray,
Whilſt in my Maiden Widdow'd bed I lye,
More wretched than the Dead, and wiſh to dye?
In you were all my hopes, dear Wanderer,
Your doubted ſafety now creates my Fear;
He broak his Vows, he broak our Marriage bond,
What dangers may a Perjur'd wretch ſurround,
At leaſt his flight his tender Feet may wound.
Oh! that I knew which way his courſe he ſtears,
T'wou'd ſoften much my pains, and leſſen much my fears:
A Letter ſhou'd inform him of my cares,
And he with pity ſure wou'd reade my Pray'rs;
I'd write him lines might move a ſenſeleſs Stone,
Nay his hard Heart to feel compaſſion.
But, when we write, too ſlow are the returns,
Too ſlow, for one that with my paſſion burns;
Letters I wou'd not truſt, my ſelf wou'd goe,
And from my mouth my ſorrows he ſhou'd know.
By ſtealth I'll leave my Father's Houſe, t'was you
Did firſt, alas! the ſad example ſhew.

My preſſing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
To fly, till my *Alexias* I ſhou'd meet.
Through Deſarts I durſt go (a tender Maid)
In ſearch of you I cou'd not be afraid.
No dangers ſhou'd my eager ſteps retard,
My Innocence, and Love wou'd be my Guard.
If *Dragons* againſt me their creſts ſhou'd rear,
Or ſhou'd I meet a *Lyon* or a *Bear*,
I never can be capable of Fear.
David (too young for Toils) a tender Boy,
Cou'd the fierce *Lyon*, and rough *Bear* deſtroy;
From his ſmall Hand a Pebble cou'd confound,
And ſtrike the Mountain Gyant to the ground.
Th' *Aſſyrian* General, *Bethulia*'s dread,
By a chaſte Woman's hand did loſe his Head,
And ſhe was by her Guardian Angel led.
Why may not my attempts ſucceſsfull prove,
Aſſiſted by Divinity, and Love?
With fearleſs courage I dare undertake
Amazing actions, for my Husband's ſake:
Through all the World (my Life) I'll follow thee,
Whether by Land thou wander'ſt or by Sea;

Whether

Whether on Shoar or on the ſwelling Main,
One Houſe, one Boat may both of us contain:
If your ſharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
On that *Ionian* Sea my Barque ſhall ride.
If (to contemplate on the ſufferings
And cruel death of the bleſt King of King's,)
A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you goe,
I'll join in Adoration there with you.
If where th' adored, Silver *Jordan* flows,
With you in *Paleſtine* I'll offer Holy Vows;
Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
And leave this temp'rate for that froz'n Air;
With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
On the cold top of the *Caucaſian* Hill.
Or ſhou'd you wander o'er the *Libyan* ſand,
(That vaſt, and wild, unhoſpitable Land)
Through thoſe parch't plains with thee (my Love) I'll ſtray,
Nor fear the hungry, Savage Beaſt of Prey.
I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you ſail;
My Love ſhall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
Nothing to follow you wou'd ſeem a toil.

Thô to the utmoſt *Indies* you are driv'n,
Till I can reach your Armes I'll know no Hav'n.
Ah! let chaſte Love, propitious Planets keep;
Saſe from the dangers of the greedy Deep;
Yet if my Ship by Tempeſts muſt be Torn,
By Artfull ſtroaks above the Waters born,
In ſpite of Nature I ſhall ſwim to ſhoar,
For love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
The flaming Conſtellations are in Love,
And Seas, and all that in the Waters move;
But the unſettl'd Waves, nor the inconſtant Wind
Shall ever move my faith, or ſhake my ſtedfaſt mind.
But if inevitable Fates decree,
That I muſt ſuffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey;
(The onely Succour ſuch a Fate can give)
In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
There let me reſt, till thou ſhalt find that Shoar
Where my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
There caſt me up unhurt, and leave me there.
So in the Scaly Monſter *Jonas* lay,
Protected from the fury of the Sea;

Both

Both wondred at their lott, and both rejoyc'd,
One with his gueſt was pleas'd, the other with his hoſt;
The third Day came, and then (by Heaven's command)
The Fiſh reſtor'd the Prophet to the Land.
But if to me no Fiſh will Favour ſhew,
And (dear *Alexias*) I muſt dye for you;
Oh Love Divine! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
For thee, chaſte Authour of my Funeral;
The Sea ſhall take my Name, and 'mongſt the Stars
I'll be a guide to wandring Mariners:
While they with wonder ſhall repeat my Name,
A faith like mine deſerves no leſs a Fame;
They'll doubtleſs Pray that ſuch a Wife, Above,
May be rewarded for ſo chaſte a Love;
And that her Husband there may conſtant prove.
And for the Load of Waters ſhe has born,
Her Aſhes may lye eaſie in their Urn.
Alas! I rave, with Fancies I am fed,
Not knowing where my deareſt Husband's fled,
I ſearch him, dreaming in my Widow'd Bed.
If to the Woods I go, or Rocks or ſhoars, (Powers.
From thee they've learn'd to ſcorn Love's mighty

Unheard

Unhear'd, alas! I looſe my Amorous groans,
The Winds and Waves refuſe to hear my moanes.
Echo alone can ſuffer my complaint,
And ſhe with repetition is grown faint.

Return (my Life) for what can cauſe your ſtay!
If thou haſt Piety, Oh! come away:
Ah! ſuffer not thy abſence I ſhou'd mourn,
I'll come to thee, if thou canſt not return.

AMARYLLIS,

Or the Third *Idyllium*

OF

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

By Mr. Dryden.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compells my way,
My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains ſtray:
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In Paſtures freſh, and to their watring led;
And w'are the Ridgling with his butting head.
Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
The conſcious *Grottos*, and the ſhady Grove;
Where ſtretch'd at eaſe your tender Limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs Beauties nakedly diſplay'd?
Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With Kiſſes ſuch as ſet my Soul on Fire:

But

But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame,
My heart maintains for both a double Flame.
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn,
So faithfull I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I dye, and Death will finiſh all my pain,
Yet e'er I dye, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial Judges are our Love and hate!
Ten Wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
How ruddy like your Lips their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the Tree was high;)
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd;
And for to Morrow have Ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me Kindly and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his Heavenly pow'r
Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded Fern that your fair Forehead ſhade.
Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand he bears on humane kind!

The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſt of bloud;
His Brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tyrannick Court,
To make the ſuff'rings of your Slaves your ſport!
Unheeded Ruine! treacherous delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radiant Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
Like Midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of Morn!
Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;
And let me dye contented in your Armes.
I would not ask to live another Day,
Might I but ſweetly Kiſs my Soul away!
Ah, why am I from empty Joys debar'd,
For Kiſſes are but empty, when Compar'd!
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of Parſley with a wreath of Ivy bound;
And border'd with a Roſie edging round
What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!
Since I muſt dye, why is my Fate defer'd!

I ſtrip my Body of my Shepherds Frock,
Behold that dreadfull downfall of a Rock,
Where yon old *Fiſher* views the Waves from high!
'Tis that Convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd to ſee me plunge to ſhoar,
But better pleas'd, if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my Fortune long agoe,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in Love to know,
I try'd th' infallible Prophetique way,
A Poppy leaf upon my palm to lay;
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
And which was worſe, If any worſe cou'd prove,
The withring leaf foreſhew'd your withring Love.
Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to Seive and Sheeres;
And told the Witch *Agreo* my deſeaſe,
(*Agreo* that in Harveſt us'd to leaſe;
But Harveſt done, to Chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, drink, and Two-pence was her daily hire:)

To work ſhe went, her Charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty Seive wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for Woe, the teſty Beldame ſwore.
And foaming with her God, foretold my Fate;
That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.
A milk-white Goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her ſide,
For which the Nut-brown Laſs, *Erithacis*,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury Kiſs;
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price,
What Madman would o'erſtand his Market twice?
My right Eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,
I'll ſet up ſuch a Note as ſhe ſhall hear.
What Nymph but my melodious Voice would move?
She muſt be Flint, if ſhe refuſe my Love.
Hippomenes, who ran with Noble ſtriſe
To win his Lady, or to looſe his Life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a Wife?)
Threw down a Golden Apple in her way,
For all her haſte ſhe could not chuſe but ſtay:

Renown

Renown ſaid run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold,
The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed,)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her Speed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble Feet refuſe
Their wonted Speed, and ſhe took pains to looſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye.)
From ſteepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove
His herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love:
If ſuch another Wager ſhou'd be laid,
I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.
Why name I Men, when Love extended finds
His pow'r on high, and in Celeſtial Minds?
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the Crook.
Nay, when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
How bleſt is fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon!
What *Jaſon* from *Medea*'s Love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt.

My

My aking Head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
This curſed Love will ſurely turn my Brain:
Feel how it ſhoots, and yet you take no Pity,
Nay then 'tis time to end my dolefull Ditty.
A clammy Sweat does o'er my Temples creep;
My heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron ſleep:
I lay me down to gaſp my lateſt Breath,
The Wolves will get a Breakfaſt by my Death;
Yet ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
For Love has made me Carrion e'er I dye.

PHARMACEUTRIA,

OR THE

ENCHANTRESS.

Simætha *is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one* Delphis, *and not having ſeen him in Twelve days, and ſuſpecting him to love ſome other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid* Theſtylis, *endeavours by Charms to reduce him.*

Tranſlated from THEOCRITUS.

By Mr. William Bowles, *of King's College in* Cambridge.

THe Philters, *Theſtylis*, and Charms prepare,
I'll try, ſince neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the falſe Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerfull, can be mov'd.

Twelve

Twelve days, an age to me alas! are paſt
Since at theſe doors, he knock'd, or ſaw me laſt;
Scorn'd and neglected if I live, or no,
Inhumane as he is, he does not know.
To ſome new Miſtreſs ſure he is inclin'd,
For love has wings, and he a changing mind.
To morrow I'll to the *Palæſtra* go,
And tell him he's unkind to uſe me ſo.
Now to my charm: But you, bright Queen of night,
Shine, and aſſiſt me with your borrow'd light,
You, mighty Goddeſs, I invoke; and you,
Infernal *Hecate* ———
(When you aſcend from the pale ſhades below
Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
A ſudden horrour ſeizes all arround,
The Dogs at your approach afrighted fly,)
Aſſiſt, and with your pow'rfull aid be nigh;
Inſpire this charm, and may it prove as ſtrong
As *Circe*'s or the bold *Medea*'s ſong.

Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rfull charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my armes.*

Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames: d'you ſtand
Inſenſible, you Sot, when I command?
Or am I ſcorn'd, and grown a jeſt to you?
Strew Salt, and ſay, thus *Delphis* Bones I ſtrew.
Bring, &c.
As *Delphis* me, ſo I this Laurel burn,
And as that burns, and does to aſhes turn,
And cracks, and in a glorious light expires,
So may falſe *Delphis* burn in quicker fires.
Bring, &c.
As the Wax melts, which in the fire I caſt,
So in Loves ſlower flames may *Delphis* waſte:
And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,
Thô ſeeming to go on, and quit its ground,
Returns, and in its Magick Circle ſtill is found;
So, thô averſe, and fled from my embrace,
May he return, and ſtill maintain his place.
Bring, &c.

Diana. Hail, *Artemis*, and aid me from above;
You all the ſtubborn Pow'rs below can move,
Th' Infernal Judges and th' infernal King:
Ring, *Theſtylis*, the ſounding Braſs, haſte, ring;

She

She comes, the Goddeſs comes, the dreadfull cry
Of howling Dogs gives notice ſhe is nigh.
Bring, &c.
See! ſilent are the Winds, a peacefull ſleep
Has calm'd the raging Seas, and ſmooth'd the Deep,
But the rough tempeſt, that diſtracts my breaſt,
No calm can find, and will admit no reſt.
O Chaſtity, and violated Fame!
I burn for him whoſe love's my onely ſhame.
Bring, &c.
Thus thrice I Sacrifiſe, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Goddeſs, what I ſay:
Who e'er ſhe be, that ſhares his envi'd Bed,
Proud by her conqueſt, and my ruine made,
Her honour loſt, and ſhe undone, as I,
Deſerted and abandon'd may ſhe lye,
As did on *Dia*'s ſhoar the royal Maid
By perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty betray'd.
Bring, &c.
Hippomanes but taſted rage inſpires,
And with new heat the winged Courſers fires,

O'er Fields and Woods, and Mountains tops they go,
Their rage no bounds, and they no ſtop can know;
Such is the plant, and oh! that I might ſee
My *Delphis* with like rage run home to me.
Bring, &c.

This fringe, which my lov'd *Delphis* once did wear,
This once dear relique thus enrag'd I tear:
How cruel is the Love, that Leech-like dreins
From my pale limbs the bloud, and empty Veins!
Bring, &c.

To Morrow a dire potion I'll compound;
Now, *Theſtylis*, this Philter ſpread arround
His fatal door———
(There all my thoughts, and my loſt ſenſes dwell,
There thô ill us'd, my Soul continues ſtill)
And ſpit and the ingrateſull Man devove,
That ſlights my paſſion, and neglects my love.
Bring, &c.

She's gone; and ſince I now am left alone,
What ſhall I ſay? what firſt ſhall I bemoan?
What was the Cauſe? whence ſprung my ill plac't Love?
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove;

When

When fair *Anaxo* to the Temple led,
Her nuptial Vow to the chaſt Goddeſs paid,
With ſavage Beaſts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
And a fierce Lyoneſs amidſt 'em plac'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Theucharila, my Nurſe, would ſee the ſhow,
She near us dwelt, and beg'd of me to go;
Her pray'rs, and my ill fate at laſt prevail'd,
There my kind Stars, and better *Genius* fail'd.
Tell, &c.
There all my Ills began; for there, alas!
I *Delphis* ſaw, and *Eudamippus* paſs:
Their golden Hair in careleſs Curls hung down,
And brighter, (*Cynthia,*) far than you they ſhone.
Tell, &c.
I ſaw, and was undone! a ſubtile fire
Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot deſire;
The ſhining Pomp could now no more ſurprize,
A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.
When that was ended, I forgot to go,
How I return'd, or when I did not know;

Ten days, as many reſtleſs nights I lay,
My Beauty to the fierce diſeaſe a prey.
Tell, &c.
My fleſh all waſted, and my Limbs all pale,
And all my Hair with the ſtrong poiſon fell:
Ah, cruel Love, to what doſt thou inforce?
To what Enchantreſs had not I recourſe,
For skill in Herbs, and Magick arts renown'd?
No remedy in their vain Arts I found.
Tell, &c.
With Sickneſs waſted, and with Grief oppreſt,
Thus to my Servant I at laſt confeſt:
Haſte, *Theſtylis*, thy dying Miſtreſs ſends.
My Health on *Delphis*, and my Life depends,
Delphis, who gave, alone can cure the Wound;
No remedy for Love but love is found:
In active Sports, and Wreſtling he delights,
And in the bright *Palæſtra* often ſits.
Tell, &c.
There watch your time, and ſoftly let him know
Simætha ſent you, then my Lodgings ſhow.

She did, and ſtreight his ſounding feet I heard.
Gods! but when lovely *Delphis* firſt appear'd!
Tell, &c.

A death-like cold ſeiz'd on me from my Brow,
Like Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,
Stiff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
My dying words, when I would ſpeak 'em, hung;
As when imperfect ſounds from Children fall,
When in their Dreams they on their Mother call.
Tell, &c.

The cruel Man ſat down upon my Bed,
And then with eyes caſt downward thus he ſaid:
In Love you are as far before me gone,
As young *Philinus* lately I out run.
Tell, &c.

Had not your kinder Meſſage call'd me home,
By Love's ſweet Joys at night I would have come,
Arm'd with my Friends I had beſet you round,
And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.
Tell, &c.

Had

Had you admitted me, it had been well,
For I in ſwiftneſs, and in form excell,
But that my vanquiſh'd Equals beſt may tell;
Some ſmaller favour then I had deſir'd,
And modeſtly but with a Kiſs retir'd;
Had you been cruel, and your doors been barr'd,
With Barrs and Torches for the ſtorm I was prepar'd.
Tell, &c.

Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
And next, my fair Preſerver, next to you,
She ſaw the burning Pain which I endure,
And recommends to you the mighty Cure;
For cool and gentle are all other fires
Compar'd with thoſe which cruel Love inſpires.
Tell, &c.

Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
Nor darkneſs them, nor danger can affright,
Love's mighty power can the young Wife compell
From her warm ſleeping Husband's armes to ſteal.
He ſaid: And I a fond, believing Maid
Preſt, and reclin'd him gently on my Bed;

Now

Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,
Warmth to my Bloud, and colour to my Face,
And, to be ſhort, with mutual Kiſſes fir'd,
To the laſt bliſs we eagerly aſpir'd,
And both attain'd, what both alike deſir'd.
Now ſwift the hours, and wing'd with pleaſure flew,
Calm were our Paſſions, and no tempeſt knew,
No quarrel could diſturb our peacefull bed;
But all thoſe joys this fatal Morning fled.
Aurora ſcarce had chas'd away the Night,
And o'er the World diffus'd her roſie Light,
Philiſta's mother came, (and as ſhe ſtill
The Love, and News o'th' Town delights to tell;)
She told me firſt that *Delphis* Lov'd, but who
She could not tell, but that he Lov'd ſhe knew;
All ſigns of ſome new love ſhe ſaid ſhe found,
His Houſe adorn'd, and Doors with Garlands crown'd.
She tells me true; oh my ill boding fears!
And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears:
His Viſits were more frequent, now at laſt,
Since he was here twelve tedious days are paſt.

'Tis

'Tis ſo: And can he then ſo cruel prove,
Am I ſo ſoon forgotten, and my Love?
Now I'm content to ſee what Charms can do,
But if he dares go on to uſe me ſo,
Provokt at laſt a Potion I'll prepare,
That by his Death ſhall eaſe me of my Care.
So ſure the Poiſon, and ſo ſtrong the Draught;
The Secret was by an *Aſſyrian* taught.
You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
And to the riſing Sun your light reſign;
My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
To fix your Chariot, or retar'd your courſe;
I, what I can't redreſs, muſt learn to bear,
And a ſad Cure attend from my deſpair.
Adieu, O Moon, and every glimm'ring light,
Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the night.

THE CYCLOPS.

Theocritus *Idyll.* 11*th.*

Engliſhed by Mr. Duke *of* Cambridge,
To Dr. Short.

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
To eaſe a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No Medicine this prevailing Iil ſubdues,
None, but the Charms of the condoling Muſe:
Sweet to the Senſe, and eaſie to the Mind
The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
This you well know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſick's ſacred Art excell,

And

And in Wit's Orb among the brigheſt ſhine,
The Love of *Phœbus*, and the tunefull nine.
Thus ſweetly ſad of old, the *Cyclops* ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſie hours of Love.
Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And *Galatea*'s eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common Flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;
Nor Flowers, nor Fruits ſent to oblige the Fair,
Nor more to pleaſe, curl'd his neglected Hair.
His was all Rage, all Madneſs; To his Mind
No other Cares their wonted entrance find.
Oft from the Feild his Flock return'd alone
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: He on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea
Accuſing *Galatea*'s Cruelty;
Till Night from the firſt dawn of opening Day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.
Yet then a Cure, the onely Cure he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;
From a ſteep Rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The Floud, the (Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay,)

His

His drooping head with Sorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournfull Song:
Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
Rewarded thus? ſoft Love with ſharp diſdain?
Fairer than falling Snow or riſing Light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
Sprightly as unyoak'd Heifers, on whoſe head
The tender Creſcents but begin to ſpread;
Yet cruel You to harſhneſs more encline,
Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the ſavage Vine.
Soon as my heavy Eyelid's ſeal'd with ſleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
But when Sleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening Eye, (ſpy.
Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they
I well remember the firſt fatal day
That made my Heart your Beauty's eaſie prey,
'Twas when the Floud You, with my Mother, left,
Of all it's brightneſs, all it's Pride bereft,
To gather Flowers from the ſteep Mountains top,
Of the high Office proud, I led you up;

To Hyacinths, and Roſes did you bring,
And ſhew'd you all the Treaſures of the Spring.
But from that hour my Soul has known no reſt,
Soft Peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd Breaſt,
I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
Not the leaſt ſign of melting Pity ſhew:
No; by the Gods that ſhall Revenge my pain!
No; you the more I love the more diſdain.
Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
Why you deſpiſe and fly the *Cyclops* ſo;
Becauſe a ſhaggy Brow from ſide to ſide,
Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
And under that one onely Eye does ſhine,
And my flat Noſe to my big Lip does joyn.
Such thô I am, yet know, a Thouſand ſheep,
The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;
With ſweeteſt Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
And my vaſt ſtock of Cheeſes never fails;
In Summer's heat, or Winter's ſharpeſt cold,
My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
With ſuch ſoft Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpire,
That every liſtning *Cyclops* does admire;

Whilſt

While with it often I all night proclaim,
Thy powerfull charms, and my ſucceſleſs flame.
For thee twelve *Does*, all big with Fawn, I feed,
And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
Ah! come, to me, fair Nymph, and you ſhall find
Theſe are the ſmalleſt Gifts for thee deſign'd.
Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
And break themſelves againſt the ſounding ſhoar.
How much more Pleaſant would thy Slumbers be
In the retir'd and peacefull Cave with me?
There the ſtreight Cypreſs and green Laurel joyn,
And creeping Ivy claſps the cluſter'd Vine;
There freſh, cool Rills, from *Ætna*'s pureſt Snow,
Diſſolv'd into Ambroſial liquor, flow.
Who the wild Waves, and brackiſh Sea could chuſe,
And theſe ſtill Shades, and theſe ſweet Streams refuſe?
But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with hair,
Without a fire defye the winter Air,
Know I have mighty ſtores of Wood, and know
Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
My Soul, my Life it ſelf ſhould burn for Thee,
And this One Eye, as dear as Life to me.

Why was not I with Fins, like Fiſhes, made,
That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd?
Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
And kiſs your hand if you your lips deny'd.
To thee I'd Lilies, and red Poppies bear,
And flowers that Crown each Seaſon of the Year.
But I'm reſolv'd I'll learn to ſwim and dive
Of the next Stranger that does here arrive,
That th' undiſcover'd Pleaſures I may know
Which you enjoy in the deep Floud below.
Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
Like me that on this Rock unmindfull ſit,
(Of all things elſe unmindfull but of thee)
Home to return forget, and live with me.
With me the ſweet and pleaſing Labour chuſe,
To feed the Flock, and Milk the burthen'd Ewes,
To preſs the Cheeſe, and the ſharp Runnet to infuſe.
My Mother does unkindly uſe her Son,
By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;
For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
Nor whiſpers in your Ear my am'rous Tale.

No; thô ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
And ſees my Body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
But I more Ills than what I feel will feign,
And of my Head, and of my Feet complain;
That, in her Breaſt if any Pity lye,
She may be ſad, and griev'd as well as I.

O *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, where's thy Reaſon fled?
If your young Lambs with new pluckt boughs you fed,
And watch'd your Flock, would you not ſeem more (wiſe?
Milk what is next, *Perſue not that which flies.*
Perhaps you may, ſince This proves ſo unkind,
Another fairer *Galatea* find.
Me many Virgins as I paſs invite
To waſte with them in Love's ſoft Sports the Night,
And if I but incline my liſtning Ear,
New Joys, new Smiles in all their looks appear.
Thus We, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and We,
It ſeems, are Somebody as well as She.

Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,
And ſooth'd with gentle Verſe his fierce Deſire.
Thus paſs'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
Than if the Riches of the World were His.

TO
CÆLIA.

By Mr. Duke.

FLy ſwift, ye Hours, ye ſluggiſh Minutes fly,
Bring back my Love or let her Lover dye.
Make haſte, O Sun and to my eyes once more,
My *Cælia* brighter than thy ſelf reſtore.
In ſpight of thee, 'tis Night when ſhe's away,
Her Eyes alone can the glad beams diſplay,
That make my sky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe liſt up her ſacred Light!
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of Night!
With Her how faſt the flowing hours run on?
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone?
So ſlowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;
So ſwift when born upon the Wings of Love!

Hardly

Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt,
Yet 'tis an age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O my auſpicious Star make haſte to riſe,
To charm our Hearts and bleſs our longing Eyes!
O how I long on thy dear eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty Soul does long,
To hear the charming Muſick of thy Tongue!
Where pointed Wit with ſolid Judgment grows,
And in one eaſie ſtream united flows.
When e'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every Soul to every Ear!
Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes Man-kind with joy and pride obey.
But Oh! when Wit and Senſe with Beauty's joyn'd,
The Woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind,
When Nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix,
The moſt engaging charms of either Sex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not humane but Divine,

What's her command but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate
Where Nature bids, worſhip I'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the Liberty to Diſobey.
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a Poet make,
She gives him Verſe but for thy Beauties ſake
Had I a Pen that could at once impart
Soft *Ovid*'s Nature and high *Virgil*'s Art,
Then the immortal *Sacchariſſa*'s Name
Should be but ſecond in the liſt of Fame;
Each grove each ſhade ſhould with thy praiſe be fill'd,
And the fam'd *Penſhurſt* to our *Windſor* yield.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

To the Univerſity of *Oxon.*

Spoken by Mr. Hart, *at the Acting of the*

Silent Woman,

Written by Mr. Dryden.

WHat *Greece*, when Learning flouriſh'd, onely (Knew,
(*Athenian* Judges,) you this day Renew.
Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,
And here Poetique prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, Crown'd with Olives ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred Horrour from the Pit.
A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,
Where even the Beſt are but by Mercy free: (ſee.
A Day which none but *Johnſon* durſt have wiſh'd to
Here they who long have known the uſefull Stage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the Age.

As your Commiſſioners our Poets goe,
To Cultivate the Virtue which you ſow:
In your *Lycæum*, firſt themſelves refind,
And Delegated thence to Humane kind.
But as Embaſſadours, when long from home,
For new Inſtructions to their Princes come;
So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and Faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your Manners they Correct their Own.
Th' illiterate Writer, Emperique like, applies
To minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance Remedies:
The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge firſt began,
Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;
Sees Vertue, Vice, and Paſſions in their Cauſe,
And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draws.
So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
An Art, in *London* onely is a Trade.
There Haughty Dunces whoſe unlearned Pen
Could ne'er Spell Grammar, would be reading Men.
Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
So many Huddled Atoms make a Play,

And

And if they hit in Order by ſome Chance,
They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
To ſuch a Fame let mere Town-Wits aſpire,
And their Gay Nonſenſe their own Citts admire.
Our Poet, could he find Forgiveneſs here
Would wiſh it rather than a *Plaudit* there.
He owns no Crown from thoſe *Prætorian* bands,
But knows *that* Right is in this Senates hands.
Not Impudent enough to hope your Praiſe,
Low at the Muſes feet, his Wreath he lays,
And where he took it up Reſigns his Bays.
Kings make their Poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your Suffrage makes Authentique Wit.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by the ſame.*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

NO poor *Dutch* Peaſant, wing'd with all his Fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the *French* arms (draw near,
Than We with our Poetique train come down
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town;
Heaven

Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the Plagues of Wit.

A *French* Troop firſt ſwept all things in its way,
But thoſe Hot *Monſieurs* were too quick to ſtay;
Yet, to our Coſt in that ſhort time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite Debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace;
Inſtead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to ſee two Hobby-horſes Fight,
Stout *Scaramoucha* with Ruſh Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.
For Love you heard how amorous Aſſes bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new born Monſter ſhewn you for a Play.

But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the Stage quite Dumb,
Thoſe wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are Play'd,
And ſhortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be Lay'd:
Art Magique is for Poetry profeſt,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obſcener Beaſt

To which *Ægyptian* Dotards once did Bow,
Upon our *Engliſh* ſtage are worſhip'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to Renown
Macbeth, the *Simon Magus* of the Town.
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your *Johnſon* out of Faſhion,
And Wit the onely Drug in all the Nation.
In this low Ebb our Wares to you are ſhown,
By you thoſe Staple Authours worth is known,
For Wit's a Manufacture of your Own.
When you, who onely can, their Scenes have prais'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay their Price is rais'd.

PROLOGUE, *to the Univerſity of* Oxford, 1674. *Spoken by Mr.* Hart. *Written by Mr.* Dryden.

POets, your Subjects, have their Parts aſſign'd
T' unbend, and to divert their Sovereign's mind;
When tyr'd with following Nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool ſhades of Wit,
And from the ſweet Retreat, with Joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.

Here

Here free your ſelves, from Envie, Care and Striſe,
You view the various turns of humane Liſe:
Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
And Undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
As in Mechanick operations wrought;
And Man the Little world before you ſet,
As once the Sphere of Chryſtal, ſhew'd the Great:
Bleſt ſure are you above all Mortal kind:
If to your Fortunes you can Suit your Mind.
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe Ills we ſhow,
And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know:
With joy we bring what our dead Authours writ,
And beg from you the value of their Wit.
That *Shakeſpear*'s, *Fletcher*'s, and great *Johnſon*'s claim
May be Renew'd from thoſe, who gave them fame.
None of our living Poets dare appear,
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipt here;
That conſcious of their Faults they ſhun the Eye,
And as Prophane, from Sacred places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and dye.

We

We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
Such Faults as made, are by the Makers ſhown.
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt Judges ſtill can Pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our Pit,
Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
Diſdaining that, which yet they know, will Take,
Hating themſelves, what their Applauſe muſt make:
But when to Praiſe from you they would Aſpire
Though they like Eagles Mount, your *Jove* is Higher.
So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r tranſcends,
As what *ſhould* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

EPILOGUE, *Spoken by Mrs.* Boutell. *Written by Mr.* Dryden.

OFT has our Poet wiſht, this happy Seat
Might prove his fading Muſes laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of mind;
Which noiſfull Towns, and Courts can never know,
And onely in the ſhades like Laurels grow.

Youth

Youth, e'er it ſees the World, here ſtudies reſt,
And Age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we ſhow,)
Your Peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy Memory ſhall ever laſt,
For Patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
Whoſe Age enjoys but what his Youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd,
His Learning, and untainted Manners too
We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
Such Ancient hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt *Grecian* Breaſts,
Whoſe kindneſs was Religion to their Gueſts.
Such Modeſty did to our ſex appear,
As had there been no Laws we need not fear,
Since each of you was our Protector here.

Con-

Converſe ſo chaſt, and ſo ſtrict Vertue ſhown,
As might *Apollo* with the Muſes own.
Till our return we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

Prologue *to the Univerſity of* Oxford.

DIſcord, and Plots which have undone our Age
With the ſame ruine, have o'erwhelm'd the (Stage.
Our Houſe has ſuffer'd in the common Woe,
We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too;
Our Brethren, are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
And of our Siſters, all the kinder hearted,
To *Edenborough* gone, or Coacht, or Carted.
With bonny Blewcap there they act all night
For *Scotch* half Crown, in *Engliſh* Three-pence hight.
One Nymph, to whom fat *Sir John Falſtaff*'s lean,
There with her ſingle Perſon fills the Scene.
Another, with long uſe, and Age decay'd,
Div'd here old Woman, and roſe there a Maid.
Our Truſty Door-keepers of former time,
There ſtrutt and ſwagger in Heroique rhime:

Tack

Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget ſute,
And there's a Heroe made without diſpute.
And that which was a Capons tayl before,
Becomes a plume for *Indian* Emperour.
But all his Subjects, to expreſs the care
Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare:
Lac'd Linen there wou'd be a dangerous thing,
It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring,
The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be choſen King.
But why ſhou'd I theſe Renegades deſcribe,
When you your ſelves have ſeen a lewder Tribe.
Teg has been here, and to this learned Pit,
With *Iriſh* action ſlander'd *Engliſh* Wit.
You have beheld ſuch barb'rous *Mac*'s appear,
As merited a ſecond Maſſacre.
Such as like *Cain* were branded with diſgrace,
And had their Country ſtampt upon their Face:
When Stroulers durſt preſume to pick your purſe,
We humbly thought our broken Troop not worſe,
How ill ſoe'er our action may deſerve,
Oxford's a place, where Wit can never ſterve.

A PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

Univerſity of *OXFORD*:

By *Mr. Dryden.*

THo' Actors cannot much of Learning boaſt,
Of all who want it, we admire it moſt.
We love the Praiſes of a Learned Pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
We ſpeak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,
Like thoſe who touch upon the Golden Shore:
Betwixt our Judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our Poems take.
Mark if the Fools, or Men of Sence, rejoyce,
Whether th' Applauſe be only Sound or Voice.
When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy: (raiſe,
We doubt that Scene which does their wonder
And, for their ignorance contemn their Praiſe.

Judge then, if We who Act, and They who Write,
Shou'd not be proud of giving You delight.
London likes groſsly, but this nicer Pit
Examines, Fathoms all the depths of Wit:
The ready Finger lays on every Blot, (not.
Knows what ſhou'd juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhou'd
Nature her ſelf lies open to your view,
You judge by Her what draught of Her is true,
Where out lines falſe, and Colours ſeem too faint,
Where Bunglers dawb, and where True Poets
But by the Sacred Genius of this Place, (Paint.
By every Muſe, by each Domeſtick Grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our Poets hither for Adoption come,
As Nations ſu'd to be made Free of *Rome*.
Not in the ſuffragating Tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, Provincial Band.
If His Ambition may thoſe Hopes purſue,
Who with Religion loves Your Arts and You,

Oxford

Oxford to Him a dearer Name ſhall be,
Than His own Mother Univerſity.
Thebes did His Green, unknowing Youth ingage,
He chuſes *Athens* in His Riper Age.

EPILOGUE

To *OXFORD*:

Spoken by *Mrs. Marſhal*, Writ by *Mr. Dryden.*

OFt has our Poet wiſh'd, This happy Seat
Might prove His fading Muſes laſt retreat:
I wonder'd at his wiſh; but now *I* find,
He here ſought quiet, and content of Mind:
Which noiſeful Towns and Courts can never (know,
And only in the Shades, like Lawrels grow.
Youth, e're it ſees the World, here ſtudies reſt,
And Age, returning thence, concludes it beſt.
What wonder, if we court that happineſs,
Yearly to ſhare, which Hourly You poſſeſs?

Teaching ev'n You, while the vext World we (ſhow
Your Peace to value more, and better know.
'Tis all we can return for Favours paſt,
Whoſe holy Memory ſhall ever laſt.
For Patronage from Him whoſe care preſides,
O're every Noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurſt, a Name the Learn'd with Rev'rence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
Whoſe Age enjoys but what His Youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before He ſerv'd.
His Learning and untainted Manners too,
We find, *Athenians*, are deriv'd to You.
Such ancient Hoſpitality there reſts
In Yours, as dwelt in the firſt *Grecian* Breſts,
Where Kindneſs was Religion to their Gueſts.
Such Modeſty did to our Sex appear,
As, had there been no Laws, we need not fear,
Since each of You was our Protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſt, and ſo ſtrict Vertue ſhown,
As might *Apollo* with the Muſes own.

Till

Till our Return, we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing and ſo kind.

The Prologue at OXFORD, 1680.

By *Mr. Dryden.*

THeſpis, the firſt Profeſſor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a Cart:
To prove this true, if Latin be no Treſpaſs, (
Dicitur & Plauſtris, *vexiſſe Poemata* Theſpis.
But *Eſcalus*, ſays *Horace* in ſome Page,
Was the firſt Mountebank that trod the Stage:
Yet *Athens* never knew your Learned ſport,
Of Toſſing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*;
But 'tis the Talent of our *Engliſh* Nation,
Still to be Plotting ſome New Reformation:
And few years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter ſhall here Erect his Throne.

Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
Then all you Heathen Wits ſhall go to Pot,
For diſbelieving of a Popiſh Plot:
Your Poets ſhall be us'd like Infidels,
And worſt the Author of the *Oxford Bells*:
Nor ſhou'd we ſcape the Sentence, to Depart,
Ev'n in our firſt Original, A Cart.
No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
To Maul Us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan*:
Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beaſt:
Scot, *Svarez*, *Tom of Aquin*, muſt go down,
As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown;
And *Ariſtotle*'s for deſtruction ripe,
Some ſay He call'd the Soul an Organ-Pipe,
Which by ſome little help of Derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inſpiration.

The Prologue to ALBUMAZAR:

Written by *Mr. Dryden.*

TO ſay this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs You now.
Yet, Gentlemen, your Anceſtors had wit;
When few Men cenſur'd, and when fewer Writ.
And *Johnſon* (of thoſe few the beſt) choſe this,
As the beſt model of his Maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by our *Albumazar*,
That Alchymiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe,
He lik'd the Faſhion well, who wore the Cloaths.
But *Ben* made Nobly his, what He did mould,
What was anothers Lead, becomes His Gold:
Like an unrighteous Conqueror He Reigns,
Yet Rules that well, which He unjuſtly gains.
But this our Age ſuch Authors does afford, (word:
As make whole Plays, and yet ſcarce Write one

Who in this Anarchy of Wit, Rob all;
And what's their Plunder, their Poſſeſſion call.
Who, like bold Padders, ſcorn by Night to Prey,
But Rob by Sunſhine, in the face of Day.
Nay ſcarce the common Ceremony uſe,
Of Stand Sir, and deliver up Your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
Mount *Pegaſus* before the Owners Face.
Faith, if you have ſuch Country *Tom*'s abroad,
'Tis time for all True Men to leave that Road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid
They Strip the Living, but theſe Rob the Dead:
Dare with the Mummyes of the Muſes Play,
And make Love to them the *Egyptian* way:
Or as a Rhyming Author would have ſaid,
Joyn the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
Such Men in Poetry may claim ſome part,
They have the Licenſe, tho' they want the Art.
And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Lawreats ſtand
Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.

They

They make the benefits of others ſtudying,
Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack Pudding*.
Whoſe diſh to challenge, no Man has the courage,
'Tis all his own when once h'has ſpit i'th' Porrige.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiſs.
For They their Thefts ſtill undiſcover'd think,
And durſt not Steal, unleſs You pleaſe to wink.
Perhaps, You may award by Your Decree,
They ſhou'd refund, but that can never be.
For ſhould You Letters of Repriſal Seal, (ſteal.
Theſe Men Write that which no Man elſe would

Prologue to ARVIRAGUS REVIV'D:

Spoken by Mr. *Hart*.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

WIth ſickly Actors and an old Houſe too, (New
We're match'd with Glorious Theatres and

And

And with our Alehouſe Scenes, and Cloaths bare
Can neither raiſe Old Plays, nor New adorn. (worn,
If all theſe ills could not undo us quite,
A Briſk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.
Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,
To laugh, and break your Buttons at their Play.
Or ſee ſome ſerious Piece, which we preſume
Is fal'n from ſome incomparable Plume;
And therefore, *Meſſieurs*, if you'l do us grace,
Send Lacquies early to preſerve your Place.
We dare not on your Priviledge intrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em? They are *French*.
Therefore ſome go with Courteſie exceeding,
Neither to Hear nor See, but ſhow their Breeding.
Each Lady ſtriving to out-laugh the reſt,
To make it ſeem they underſtood the Jeſt:
Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach Us *Engliſh* where to Clap the Play:
Civil *Igad*: Our Hoſpitable Land,
Bears all the charge for them to underſtand:

Mean

Mean time we Languiſh, and neglected lye,
Like Wives, while You keep better Company;
And wiſh for our own ſakes, without a Satyr,
You'd leſs good Breeding, or had more good Nature.

Prologue Spoken the firſt day of the King's Houſe Acting after the Fire.

Writ by Mr. *Dryden*.

SO Shipwrackt Paſſengers eſcape to Land, (ſtand
So look they, when on the bare Beach they
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o're,
Expecting Famine on a Deſart Shore.
From that hard Climate we muſt wait for Bread,
Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled.
Our Stage does Humane Chance preſent to view,
But ne're before was ſeen ſo ſadly true.
You are chang'd too, and Your pretence to ſee,
Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.

Your

Your own Proviſions furniſh out our Feaſts, (gueſts
While You the Founders make your ſelves the
Of all Mankind beſide Fate had ſome Care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a Rent Charge to the Brave and Fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its Fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their ſcorn.
Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,
Which ſpar'd not Temples in its furious rage.
But as our new built City riſes higher,
So from Old Theatres may New aſpire,
Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.
Our Great Metropolis does far ſurpaſs
What e're is now, and equals all that was:
Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit Excel,
And, like a King, ſhou'd in a Palace dwell.
But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and Entertain You in a Shed:
Your Preſence here (for which we humbly Sue)
Will Grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

Prologue

Prologue for the Women, when they Acted at the Old THEATRE in LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS.

Written by Mr. *Dryden.*

WHere none of you Gallants e're driven ſo (hard,
As when the poor kind Soul was under
And couldnot do't athome, in ſomeby-ſtreet, (guard
To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our Caſe, We can't appoint our Houſe,
The Lovers old and wanted Rendezvouz.
But hither to this truſty Nook remove,
The worſe the Lodging is, the more the Love.
For much good Paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug
Is ſtoln in Garrets on the humble Rugg.
Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
The Grave demurely in the midſt may Sit.
And ſo the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
Ply Vizard Maſque, and o're the Benches ſtride:

Here

Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow,
All that keep Coaches muſt not Sit below.
There Gallants, You betwixt the Acts retire,
And at dull Plays have ſomething to admire:
We who look up, can Your Addreſſes mark;
And ſee the Creatures Coupled in the Ark:
So we expect the *Lovers*, *Braves*, and *Wits*,
The Gaudy Houſe with Scenes, will ſerve for *Citts*.

A Prologue ſpoken at the Opening of the NEW HOUSE, *Mar.* 26. 1674.

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden*.

A Plain Built Houſe after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fal'n from your expected Pomp, you find
A bare convenience only is deſign'd.
You who each day can Theatres behold,
Like *Nero*'s Palace, ſhining all with Gold,

Our

Our mean ungilded Stage will ſcorn, we fear,
And for the homely Room, diſdain the Chear.
Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
And a plain Sute (ſince we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarniſht gawdry known.
They who are by Your Favours wealthy made,
With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade:
We, broken Banquers, half deſtroy'd by Fire,
With our ſmall Stock to humble Roofs retire,
Pity our Loſs, while you their Pomp admire.
For Fame and Honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to Live.
Unable to ſupport their vaſt Expence,
Who Build, and Treat with ſuch Magnificence;
That like th' Ambitious Monarchs of the Age,
They give the Law to our Provincial Stage:
Great Neighbours enviouſly promote Exceſs,
While they impoſe their Splendor on the leſs.
But only Fools, and they of vaſt Eſtate,
Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.

Yet

Yet if ſome Pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our Royal Maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo,
What e're He's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That Sacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
And, like his ſtamp, makes baſeſt Mettals paſs.
'Twere Folly now a ſtately Pile to raiſe, Plays.
To build a Play-Houſe while You throw down
Whilſt Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera's* reign,
And for the Pencil You the Pen diſdain.
While Troops of famiſht *Frenchmen* hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe Alms they live:
Old *Engliſh* Authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race;
More tamely, than your Fathers You ſubmit,
You'r now grown Vaſſals to 'em in your wit:
Mark, when they Play, how our fine Fops advance
The mighty Merits of theſe Men of *France*,
Keep Time, cry *Ben*, and humour the Cadence:

VVell.

Well pleaſe your ſelves, but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That *French* Machines have ne'r done *England* good:
I wou'd not propheſie our Houſes Fate:
But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd——
That as a Fire the former Houſe o'rethrew,
Machines and Tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

Epilogue by the ſame Author.

THough what our Prologue ſaid was ſadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely Houſe is new,
A Charm that ſeldom fails with, wicked, You.
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
Tho' She's no Lady, you may think her ſuch,
A ſtrong imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
Criticks in Plume and white vallancy Wig,
Who lolling on our foremoſt Benches ſit,
And ſtill charge firſt, (the true forlorn of Wit)

Whoſe favours, like the Sun, warm where you
Yet you like him, have neither heat nor Soul; (roul,
So may your Hats your Foretops never preſs,
Untouch'd your Ribbonds, ſacred be your dreſs;
So may you ſlowly to Old Age advance,
And have th' excuſe of Youth for Ignorance.
So may Fop corner full of noiſe remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive train;
So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
And Morning Batt'ries force your way to Love;
So may not *France* your Warlike Hands recall,
But leave you by each others Swords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
When ſober, rail and roar when you are drunk.
But to the Wits we can ſome merit plead,
And urge what by themſelves has oft been ſaid:
Our Houſe relieves the Ladies from the frights
Of ill pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights;
The *Flanders* Horſes from a cold bleak Road,
Where Bears in Furs dare ſcarcely look abroad.

The Audience from worn Plays and Fuſtian Stuff
Of Rhyme, more nauſeous than three Boys in Buff.
Though in their Houſe the Poets Heads appear,
We hope we may preſume their Wits are here.
The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will Play,
For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
To pleaſe, we'l find you Abler Men who may.
If they ſhou'd fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A Troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
(You know the *French* ſure cards at time of need.)

An EPILOGUE.

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden*.

WEre you but half ſo Wiſe as y'are Severe,
Our youthful Poet ſhou'd not need to fear:
To his green Years your Cenſures you would ſuit,
Not blaſt the Bloſſom, but expect the Fruit.
The Sex that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chuſe to err on t'other hand.

They check not him that's awkard in delight,
But Clap the young Rogues Cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus heart'nd well and fleſh'd upon his prey,
The Youth may prove a Man another day.
Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their firſt young flight
Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.
But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,
And each were guilty of ſome *ſlighted Maid.*
Shakeſpear's own Muſe her *Pericles* firſt bore,
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good Play,
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Chriſtmas-day.*
A ſlender Poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his Brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome Pox is curſt,
But no Man can be *Falſtaff* fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his ſtew'd eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with praiſe.

That

That he may get more bulk before he dyes,
He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.
Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to Write, and you to Judge.

An Epilogue for the KINGS HOUSE.

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden.*

WE Act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning Men,
But juſt peep up, and then dop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked, change their ſence,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken Citts, nor a Vacation Whore.
Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
Of the three laſt ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* cou'd Divine,
He might have ſpar'd his dream of 7 Lean Kine,
And chang'd his Viſion for the Muſes Nine.

The *Comet*, that they ſay portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from *Playhouſe* Earth.
Pent there ſince our laſt Fire, and *Lilly* ſays,
Foreſhews our change of State, and thin *Third days*.
'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printers Preſs would ſuffer more.
Their Pamphleteers each day their venom ſpit,
They thrive by Treaſon, and we ſtarve by Wit.
Looking above. Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid
Four Farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?
Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd ſpite us,
Democritus his Wars with *Heraclitus*.
Such are the Authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.
Yet theſe are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhymes,
Y'abuſe your ſelves more dully than the Times.
Scandal, the Glory of the *Engliſh* Nation,
Is worn to Raggs, and ſcribbl'd out of faſhion.
Such harmleſs thruſts, as if, like Fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their Play before their prize:

Faith,

Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows
'Tis juſt like Children when they Box with pillows.
Then put an end to Civil Wars for ſhame,
Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give Her as He can,
The ſatisfaction of a Gentleman.

Prologue to the Princeſs of Cleves.

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden*.

LAdies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your Ear:
A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,
There's Treaſon in the Play againſt our Sex.
A Man that's falſe to Love, that Vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets!
A Rogue in Mode, I dare not ſpeak too broad,
One that does ſomething to the very Bawd.
Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beaſt,
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt;

None of 'em ſtick at mark: They all deceive,
Some *Jew* has chang'd the Text, I half believe,
Their *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
To hide their faults they rap out Oaths and tear:
Now tho' we Lye w're too well bred to Swear.
So we compound for half the ſin we owe,
But men are dipt for ſoul and Body too. ('em,
And when found out excuſe themſelves, Pox cant
With Latin ſtuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.
I'm not Book Learn'd to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
I'me ſure I never heard that Schritchowl hollow'd
In my poor ears, but Separation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd Villains e're be Saved,
Achitophel's not half ſo falſe to *David*.
With Vows and ſoft expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand like Foremen of a Shop, demure,
No ſooner out of ſight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new Face Ride out a padding.

Yet,

Yet, by their favour when they have bin Kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready Mony miſſing:
Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they'r at Renouncing, 'tis our parts,
To trump their Diamonds, as they trump our Hearts

Epilogue to the Princeſs of *Cleves*,

VVritten by Mr. *Dryden*.

AQualm of Conſcience brings me back agen
To make amends to you beſpatter'd Men!
We Women Love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
By growling, ſqualing, and a hideous noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,
Never was Man worſe thought on for high-flying:
The prodigal of Love gives each her part,
And ſquandring ſhows, at leaſt, a noble Heart.
I've heard of Men, who in ſome lew'd Lampoon,
Have hir'd a Friend, to make their valour known.

That

That Accuſation ſtraight, this queſtion brings,
What is the Man that does ſuch naughty things?
The Spaniel Lover, like a ſneaking Fop,
Lyes at our Feet. He's ſcarce worth taking up;
'Tis true, ſuch Hero's in a Play go far,
But Chamber practice, is not like the Bar.
When Men ſuch vile, ſuch faint Petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since Modeſty's the Vertue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.
When Men uſurp it from the Female Nation,
'Tis but a work of Supererrogation. ——
We ſhow'd a Princeſs in the Play. 'Tis true,
Who gave her *Cæſar* more than all his due.
Told her own Faults, but I ſhou'd much abhor,
To chooſe a Husband for my Confeſſor.
You ſee what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
Had ſhe Confeſs't as much to him ſhe lov'd.

True

True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,
But damn'd Confeſſing is flat Popery.

Spoken, To the *Queen* in *Trinity-College New-Court* in *Cambridge*. VVritten by *Mr. DUKE*.

THou equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
That ma'kſt a Crown ſit ſoft on *Charles*'s Head;
In whom with Greatneſs, Virtue takes her Seat;
Meekneſs with Power, and Piety with State;
Whoſe Goodneſs might even Factious Crouds reclaim
Win the Seditious and the Savage tame;
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt Mercy bring,
And only Uſeleſs is on ſuch a King;
See, Mighty Princeſs, ſee how every Breſt,
With Joy and Wonder, is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the Joy, which the firſt Mortals knew,
When Gods deſcended to the peoples view,

Such

Such devout Wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe Pow'rs they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were Feign'd: Nor if they had been true,
Could ſhed more Bleſſings on the Earth than you.
Our Courts enlarg'd their former bounds diſdain,
To make Reception for ſo great a Train;
Here may your Sacred Breſt rejoyce to ſee,
Your own Age ſtrive with Ancient Piety,
Soon now, ſince Bleſt by your Auſpicious Eyes,
To full Perfection ſhall our Fabrick riſe.
Leſs powerful Charms than Yours of old could call,
The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
And Ours which Now its riſe to You ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by Your great Name ſhall grow.

FLORIANA,

A PASTORAL upon the Death of her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Southampton.*

By Mr. DUKE.

Damon.

TEll me my *Thyrſis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this ſad poſture lie?
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine Eyes,
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln boſom riſe?
Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced ground?
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'd?

Thyrſis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd? let 'em for ever ſtray: (may
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, *I* remember but juſt now She ſmil'd:
Alas!

Alas! She ſmil'd; for to the lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd:
Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canſt thou find
As long as thou art true, and She is kind,
A Grief ſo great, as may prevail above
Even *Damon*'s Friendſhip, or *Dorinda*'s Love?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrſ.* But, *Damon*
(there may be:
What if the charming *Floriana* die?

Damon. Far be the Omen! *Thyrſ.* But ſuppoſe it
(true.

Damon. Then ſhould I grieve my *Thyrſis*, more
(than you.
She is—*Thyrſ.* Alas! She was, but is no more;
Now, *Damon*, now, let thy ſwoln eyes run o're:
Here to this Turf by thy ſad *Thyrſis* grow,
And when my ſtreams of Grief too ſhallow flow,
Let in thy Tide to raiſe the Torrent high,
Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon.

Damon. Then that to this wiſht height the Floud
(might ſwell,
Friend, *I* will tell thee. *Th.* Friend, *I* thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful She fell.
Oh! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Bleſſing their Babes when firſt they ſee the Day.
Beauty and She were one; for in her Face
Sate Sweetneſs temper'd with Majeſtick Grace;
Such pow'rful Charms as might the proudeſt aw,
Yet ſuch attractive goodneſs as might draw
The Humbleſt, and to both give equal Law.
How was She wondred at by every Swain?
The Pride, the Light, the Goddeſs of the Plain:
On all She ſhin'd, and ſpreading glories caſt
Diffuſive of her ſelf, where 're She paſt,
There breath'd an Air ſweet as the Winds that blow
From the bleſt Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:
Even me ſometimes She with a Smile would grace,
Like the Sun ſhining on the vileſt place.

Nor

Nor did *Dorinda* barr me the Delight
Of feaſting on her Eyes my longing Sight:
But to a Being ſo ſublime, ſo pure,
Spar'd my devotion, of my Love ſecure.
Damon. Her Beauty ſuch: but Nature did deſign
That only as an anſwerable Shrine
To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.
Her Soul ſhin'd through, and made her form ſo bright,
As Clouds are guilt by the Sun's piercing Light.
In her ſmooth Forehead we might read expreſt
The even Calmneſs of her gentle Breaſt:
And in her ſparkling Eyes as clear was writ
The active vigour of her youthful Wit.
Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
Was but the ſhadow of ſome inward Grace.
Gay, ſprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor ſevere,
Like thoſe, who being dull, would grave appear;

Who out of guilt do Chearfulneſs deſpiſe,
And being fallen, hope men think 'em wiſe.
How would the liſtning Shepherds round her (throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming (Tongue!
She all with her own Spirit and Soul inſpir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whoſe powerful Hand ſuſtains,
The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the (Plains,
Of all his Cares made her the tender'ſt part;
And great *Loviſa* lodg'd her in her Heart.
Thyrſis. Who would not now a ſolemn Mourn- (ing keep,
When *Pan* himſelf and fair *Loviſa* weep?
When thoſe bleſt Eyes by the kind gods deſign'd
To cheriſh Nature, and delight Mankind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
Than *April* drops upon the Springing Flowers;

Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* ſhed,
When at her feet the Lovely Youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her *Ceſtos*, and unyoakt her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Loviſa* (come,
And viſit gentle *Floriana*'s Tomb;
And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
Where no unhallow'd feet prophane the ground,
With your chaſt hands freſh flow'rs and odours (ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent Bed;
Still praying as you gently move your feet,
Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumbers ſweet.

Thyrſis. See where they come, a mournful lovely (Train,
As ever wept on fair *Arcadia's* Plain:
Loviſa mournful far above the reſt,
In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow dreſt:
Juſt are her Tears, when She reflects how ſoon,
A Beauty, ſecond only to her own,
Flouriſht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

Damon.

Damon. O She is gone! gone like a new-born
(flower,
That deck'd ſome Virgin-Queens delicious Bower;
Torn from the Stalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
But flow'rs return, and coming Springs diſcloſe,
The Lilly whiter, and more freſh the Roſe;
But no kind Seaſon back her Charms can bring,
And *Floriana* has no ſecond Spring.

Thyrſis. O She is ſet! ſet like the falling Sun;
Darkneſs is round us, and glad Day is gone!
Alas! the Sun that's ſet, again will riſe,
And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies:
But Beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
When its ſhort glory to the Weſt declines,
O there's no hope of the returning Light;
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of AMYNTA, for the Death of DAMON.

By *Mr. Dryden.*

SONG.

ON a bank, beſide a Willow,
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Amynta* ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs Dawn of Morning
Till the Dew's of Night returning
Singing thus ſhe made her mone:
Hope is baniſh'd
Joys are vaniſh'd;
Damon, my belov'd is gone!

2.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a Youth, and ſuch a Lover,
Oh ſo true, ſo kind was he!

Damon

Damon was the Pride of Nature,
Charming in his every Feature,
Damon liv'd alone for me:
Melting Kiſſes
Murmuring Bliſſes,
Who ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

3.

Never ſhall we curſe the Morning,
Never bleſs the Night returning,
Sweet Embraces to reſtore:
Never ſhall we both ly dying
Nature failing, Love ſupplying
All the Joyes he drain'd before:
Death, come end me;
To befriend me;
Love and *Damon* are no more.

The Praiſes of *Italy* out of *Virgil's* Second GEORGIC.

By Mr. *Chetwood.*

Sed neque Medorum Sylvæ, &c.

BUt neither *Median* Groves, whoſe happy ſoyl
With choiceſt Fruits prevents the labourers toyl,
Nor *Ganges* ſtreams bleſſing his fertile land
Nor *Hermus* ſelf roling on golden ſand,
Can with fair *Italy* the prize conteſt,
Leſs gay the *glorious* Kingdoms of the Eaſt, (*bleſt.*
Nor *Araby*, with all her gums and ſpice, is half ſo
No Hydra's ſhe, or monſtrous Bulls do's bear,
Who with their flaming Noſtrils blaſt the Air;
Nor Dragons teeth ſown in the wondring field
Do ſhort-liv'd Harveſts of arm'd brethren yield:
But *vital* fruits ſhe brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
And faireſt Cattel do her Meads adorn.

The

Her warlike Horſe is of the nobleſt Race,
Who proudly prances o're his native Place.
And where thy Magic ſtreams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
The flocks are white as the freſh falling ſnow.
Heaven do's ſo much thoſe ſacred Victims prize
'Twill give a *Conqueſt* for a *Sacrifice*.
As in the North 'tis Winter makes the year,
The Spring and Autumn are the ſeaſons here,
Cattel breed twice, & twice the *reſtleſs* furrows (bear.

But Heav'n has baniſh'd hence rough beaſts of prey,
No hungry Lions on the Mountains ſtray,
Nor monſtrous ſnakes make inſecure the fear-(ful travellers way.
Nature did this; but Induſtry and Art
To the rich maſs did nobler forms impart.
Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities riſe, (skies.
Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the
Here, pleaſant ſeats by which clear ſtreams do paſs
Gaze on their ſhadows in the liquid Glaſs:

There

There, big with ſtory, ancient Walls do ſhow
Their reverend heads; beneath fam'd rivers flow.
The Sea, which would *ſurround* the happy place,
Do's it on both ſides with his arms embrace:
And ſtately Galleys which the *Adria* ride,
Bring the world's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
The ſpacious Lakes with level proſpect pleaſe,
Or ſwell, an imitation of the Seas.
What ſhou'd I tell how Art could undertake
To make a Haven in the *Lucrine* Lake?
The Rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
Whilſt angry Surges ſpend their rage in vain.
As *Ceſar's* Arms all Nations can ſubdue,
So *Ceſar's* Works can conquer Nature too.
Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold;
But her chief Treaſures, without which the reſt are
Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign. (vain,
She bred the *Marſian* who ne're knew to yield,
And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field:

Trium-

Triumphant Cottagers, whoſe frugal hand
Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command:
Decii devored for the publick good,
Compounding for whole Armies with their blood:
Camillus ſaviour of the ſinking State,
Who reſcu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midſt of Fate.
Marii who *Roman Eagles* bore ſo far,
And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
You laſt, Great *Cæſar*, whoſe green years did more
Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.
You towards th' Eaſt your glorious courſe do run,
India forgets now to adore the Sun.
Hail! happy ſoil, Learning and Empires Seat,
Mother of Hero's, *Saturn*'s ſoft Retreat.
To you I Græcian Arts in Triumph bring,
And your juſt Praiſe in laſting numbers ſing.

The

The Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace.

By Mr. *Stepney.*

VErſes Immortal (as my Bays) I Sing,
When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
When by ſtrange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
To make one pleaſant Harmony.
All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
(For none e're had the ſacrilegious pride
To tear the well-plac'd Lawrel from his aged head;)
Yet *Pindars* rolling Dithyrambique Tide,
Hath ſtill this Praiſe, that none preſume to fly
Like Him, but flagg too low, or ſoar too high.
Still does *Steſichorus* his Tongue
Sing ſweeter than the Bird which on it hung.

Anacreon

Anacreon ne're too Old can grow,
Love from every Verſe does flow :
Still *Sappho*'s ſtrings do ſeem to move,
Inſtructing all her Sex to Love.

2.

Golden Rings of flowing Hair,
More than *Hellen* did inſnare ;
Others a Princes Grandeur did admire,
And wondring, melted to deſire.
Not only skilful *Teucer* knew
To direct Arrows from the bended Ewgh.
Troy more than once did fall,
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt its nodding Wall.
Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
A Subject fit for laſting Poetry ?
Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
Who, to ſave others Lives, expos'd his own ?

Was

Was only He ſo brave to dare his Fate,
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
No, Others buried in Oblivion lye,
As ſilent as their Crave,
Becauſe no charitable Poet gave
Their well-deſerved Immortality.

3.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the Brave,
Are level'd in th' Impartial Grave,
If they no Poet have.
But I will lay my Muſick by,
And bid the mournful ſtrings in ſilence lye;
Unleſs my Songs begin and end with You,
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
No Pride does with your riſing Honours grow,
You meekly look on ſuppliant Crowds below.
Should Fortune change your happy ſtate,
You could Admire, yet Envy not, the Great.

Your

Your equal Hand holds an unbyaſs'd Scale,
Where no rich Vices, guilded Baits prevail.
You with a gen'rous Honeſty deſpiſe,
What all the meaner World ſo dearly prize.
Nor does Your Virtue diſappear,
With the ſmall Circle of one ſhort-liv'd Year.
Others, like Comets, viſit and away;
Your Luſtre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
But with the conſtant Sun makes an eternal day.

4.

We barbarouſly call thoſe Bleſt,
Who are of largeſt Tenements poſſeſt,
Whilſt ſwelling Coffers break their Owners reſt.
More truly Happy thoſe! who can
Govern the little Empire, Man:
Bridle their Paſſions, and direct their Will
Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming Ill.
Who ſpend their Treaſure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large Bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

Who

Who in a fixt unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And ſcorn alike her Friendſhip and her Hate.
Who Poyſon leſs than Falſhood fear,
Loth to purchaſe Life ſo dear:
But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
And ſeal their Countries Love with their departing (breath.

HOR. ODE 15. Lib. 2. Imitated.

Jam pauca aratro jugera,
In ſui ſeculi luxnriam.

By Mr. *Chetwood.*

THen this unweildy Factious Town,
To ſuch prodigious bulk is grown,
It on whole Counties ſtands, and now
Land will be wanting for the *Plow.*
Thoſe remnants too the *Boors* forſake,
Frith muſt the Nation undertake.

As

As in a *Plague* the Fields ſhall *deſart* lye,
Whilſt all men to the mighty *Peſthouſe* fly.

2.

If any Tree is to be ſeen,
Tis Myrtle, Bays, and ever green.
Lime-trees, and Plane, for *pleaſure* made,
Which for their *Fruit* bear only *Shade*.
Such as do Female Men content,
With *uſeleſs* ſhew and *barren* ſcent.
The *Britiſh Oak* will ſhortly be as rare,
As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

3.

Not by theſe Arts, my Maſters, ſure
Your Fathers did thoſe Lands procure.
They preferr'd Uſe to empty ſhew,
No ſoftning *French* refinements knew.

Them-

Themſelves, their Houſe, their Table, plain,
Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Phyſicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd hard beds with eaſie ſleep.

4.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greateſt ſtore.
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* ſell.
Stately Cathedrals they did Found,
Whoſe Ruines now deform the ground.
Churches and Colledges endow'd with Lands,
Whoſe *poor Remains* fear Sacrilegious Hands.

The ſixteenth ODE
Of the ſecond Book
OF
HORACE.

By Mr. Otway.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for quiet here.

For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
Bears weary Marches, ſleepleſs nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.

Since wealth and power too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind ;
Or from the Monarchs roofs of ſtate
Drive thence the cares that round him wait.

Happy the man with little bleſt
Of what his Father left poſſeſt ;
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.

What then in life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend ?
From ſhore to ſhore why ſhould we run
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun ?

For baneful care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail,
'Twill dodge the Great mans train behind,
Out run the *Roe*, out flie the wind.

If then thy ſoul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.

One Mortal feels Fates ſudden blow,
Another's lingring death comes ſlow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to puniſh me.

Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horſes and Chariots for thy eaſe,
Rich Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.

For me a little Cell I chuſe,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muſe,
Which ſoft content does Beſt adorn,
Shunning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

The First EPOD.

OF

HORACE.

1.

THen you, *Mæcenas*, with your train,
Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
Expoſe your ſelf to the rough Main,
And *Cæſars* threatning danger meet.
Whilſt in ignoble eaſe I am left behind,
And ſhall I call you cruel, or too kind?

2.

Paſtimes and Wine, which verſe inſpire,
Are taſteleſs all now you are gone,
Untun'd is both my mind, and Lyre,
And in full Courts I ſeem alone.
The reliſh you to my enjoyments give,
And *life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly *live*.

Then

3.

Then ſhould I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my hand?
With you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread ſcorch'd *Afric's* treacherous ſand.
And I perhaps could fight, or ſuch as I,
At leaſt, inſtead of better men cou'd die.

4.

You'l ſay, what are my pains to you?
I'm not for War, and action made:
Bid me my humble care purſue,
Seek Winter Sun, and Summer ſhade.
Whilſt both your great example, and Commands
Require more active, and experienc'd hands.

5.

If you ſay this, you never knew
Friendſhip, the nobleſt part of love;
What for her Fawn can the old One do
Or for her young the timerous Dove?

They'r

They'r more at eaſe, tho helpleſs, being near,
And abſence, even in ſafety, cauſes fear.

6.

This Voyage, and a hundred more,
To gain your favour I wou'd take.
But don't whats ſayd on *vertues ſcore*,
For *ſervile flattery* miſtake.
No City Palace, or large Country Seat
I ſeek, nor aim ſo low as to be Great.

7.

I never lik'd thoſe reſtleſs minds,
Which by mean arts, with mighty pain,
Climb to the *Region* of the *Wind*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
Kind heav'n aſſures me I ſhall ne're be poor,
And *Os-----n* be damn'd to encreaſe his ſtore.

EPILOGUE intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth *when* Caliſto *was acted at Court.*

AS *Jupiter I* made my Court in vain,
I'le now aſſume my native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſie when it hinders love,
A glorious burden, which the Wiſe remove.
Now as a Nymph I need not ſue nor try
The force of any lightning but the eye.
Beauty and youth more then a God Command;
No *Jove* could e're the force of theſe withſtand.
Tis here that Sovereign Pow'r admits diſpute,
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen *Catoes*, whatſoe're they ſay,
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our Bonds more eaſie make
And gracefully what all muſt ſuffer take.

Above

Above thoſe forms the Grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful Triumphs with your cares you
(bought;
And from the midſt of fighting Nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in peace the Arbiter of War.
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot brains deſpiſe;
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity.
Two glorious Nymphs of your one Godlike line,
Whoſe Morning Rays like Noontide ſtrike and
(ſhine.
Whom you to ſuppliant Monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your Friends and to diſarm your Foes.

Virgils

VIRGIL'S Eclogues.

TRANSLATED
BY
SEVERAL HANDS.



Printed in the Year, 1684.

THE First Eclogue.

By *JOHN CARYLL* Esq;

THE *Reader may be pleased to observe, that* Virgil, *under the Name of* Tityrus, *personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of* Augustus Cæsar, *from the general Calamity of his* Mantuan *Neighbours; whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Souldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of* Cremona; *who in the Civil Wars, joyned with* Cassius *and* Brutus. *These* Mantuans *are likewise personated by* Melibeus; *as also by* Amarillis, *the City of* Rome, *by* Galatea, *that of* Mantua *are represented. The drift of this Eclogue, is to celebrate the Munificence of* Augustus *towards* Virgil, *whom he makes his tutelar* God; *and the better to set this off, he brings in* Melibeus, *viz. his Man-*

tuan Neighbours, pathetically relating their own deplorable Condition, and at the ſame time magnifying the felicity of Tityrus. *This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country-men,* Virgil *ſhadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty: And becauſe Slaves did not commonly uſe to be inſanchiſt, till Age had made them uſeleſs for Labour, to follow the* Trope, *he makes himſelf an old man, as by the* Candidior barba, *and the* Fortunate Senex, *ſufficiently appears; though in reality,* Virgil *at that time was young, and then firſt made known to* Auguſtus, *by the recommendation of his Verſes, and of his Friends,* Varus, *and* Mæcenas.

TITYRUS. MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

IN peaceful Shades, which aged Oakes diffuſe,
You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muſe.
We leave our Home, and (once) our pleaſant Fields,
The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
And every Grove learns *Amarillis* name.

TITY-

TITYRUS.

A God (to me he always ſhall be ſo)
O *Melibeus* ! did this Grace beſtow.
The choiceſt Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,
Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed :
He every Bleſſing on his Creatures brings ;
By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herds-
(man ſings.

MELIBEUS.

I envy not, but I admire your Fate, (State.
Which thus exempts you from our wretched
Look on my Goats that browze, my Kids that
(play,
Driven hence my ſelf, theſe I muſt drive away,
And this poor Mother of a new-fall'n Pair,
(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Deſpair !)
Has left 'em in yond brakes, beſide the way,
Expos'd to every Beaſt and Bird of prey.
Had not ſome angry Planet ſtruck me blind,
This dire Calamity I had divin'd.

'Twas oft foretold me by Heavens loudeſt voice,
Rending our talleſt Oakes with diſmal noiſe:
Ravens ſpoke too, though in a lower tone,
And long from hollow tree were heard to grone.
But ſay: What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd?

TITYRUS.

The Place call'd *Rome*, I fooliſhly believ'd,
Was like our *Mantua*, where on Market-days,
We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherds praiſe;)
So Whelps (I knew) ſo Kids, their Dams expreſs,
And ſo the Great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But other Towns when you to her compare,
They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypreſs are.

MELIBEUS.

What great occaſion call'd you hence to *Rome*?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at laſt, though ſlow to come:
She came not till cold Winter did begin,
And Age ſome Snow had ſprinkled on my Chin;

Nor

Nor then, till *Galatea* I forſook,
For *Amarillis*, daign'd on me to look.
No hope for Liberty, I muſt confeſs,
No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me poſſeſs,
Whilſt I with *Galatea* did remain:
For though my Flock, her Altars did maintain,
Though often I had made my Cheeſe-preſs groan,
Largely to furniſh our ungrateful Town,
Yet ſtill with empty hands I trotted home.

MELIBEUS.

I wonder'd (*Galatea*!) whence ſhould come,
Thy ſad Complaints to Heaven, and why ſo long
Ungathered on their Trees thy Apples hung?
Abſent was *Tityrus*! Thee every Dale,
Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call!

TITYRUS.

What ſhould I do? I could not here be free,
And only in that place could hope to ſee
A God propitious to my Liberty,

There I the Heavenly Youth did firſt behold,
Whoſe monthly Feaſt, while ſolemnly I hold,
My loaded Altars never ſhall be cold.
He heard my Prayers, go home (he cry'd) and feed
In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed.

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man! thy Farm untoucht remains,
And large enough; though it may ask thy pains,
To clear the Stones, and Ruſhes cure by Drains.
Thy teeming Ews will no ſtrange Paſtures try,
No murrain fear from tainted Company.
Thrice happy Swain! guarded from *Sirian* beams,
By ſacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.
Look on that bordering Fence, whoſe Oſier Trees
Are fraught with flowers, whoſe flowers are
(fraught with Bees:
How, with their drowſie tone, the whiſtling Air
(Your ſleep to tempt) a Conſort does prepare!

At farther diſtance, but with ſtronger Lungs,
The Wood-man joyns with theſe his ruſtick (Songs:
Stock-doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their
Thoſe in a hoarſer, theſe a ſofter Note. (Throat

TITYRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea ſhall Dwellers change,
Fiſh on dry ground, Stags ſhall on water range:
The *Parthians* ſhall commute their bounds with (Francs,
Thoſe ſhall on *Soan*, theſe drink on *Tygris* Banks,
E're I his God-like Image from my heart,
Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

But we muſt rome to Parts remote, unknown,
Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone:
Theſe frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Affrick* thoſe,
Cretan Oaxis others muſt incloſe:
Some 'mongſt the utmoſt *Britains* are confin'd,
Doom'd to an Iſle, from all the world disjoyn'd.

Ah!

Ah! muſt I never more my Country ſee,
But in ſtrange Lands an endleſs Exile be?
Is my eternal Baniſhment decreed, (Reed?
From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and
Muſt impious Souldiers all theſe grounds poſſeſs,
My fields of ſtanding Corn, my fertile Leyes?
Did I for theſe *Barbarians* plow and ſowe?
What dire effects from Civil Diſcord flow!
Graft Pears (O *Melibeus*!) plant the Vine!
The Fruit ſhall others be, the Labour thine.
Farewel my Goats! a happy Herd, when mine!
No more ſhall I, in the refreſhing Shade
Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,
Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
I part with every Joy, parting from you;
Then farewel all the World! Verſes and Pipe,
(adieu!

TITY-

TITYRUS.

At leaſt this Night with me forget your care;
Cheſnuts, and well-preſt Cheeſe ſhall be your Fare;
For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
And curling ſmoak from Village tops aſcends.

THE
Second Eclogue.

Engliſhed by Mr. TATE.

A Hopeleſs Flame did *Corydon* deſtroy,
The lov'd *Alexis* was his Maſters Joy.
No reſpite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
But daily walk'd where ſhady Beeches grew:
Where ſtretcht on Earth, alone he thus com-
(plains,
And in theſe accents tells the Groves his pains.

Cruel

Cruel *Alexis* ! haſt thou no remorſe ?
Muſt I expire, and have my Songs no force ?
'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
The very Lizzards hide, that love the Sun.
The Reapers home to dinner now repair, (Fare.
While buſie *Theſtylis* provides both Sawce and
Yet in the raging Heat I ſearch for thee,
Heat only known to Locuſts and to me.
Oh was it not much better to ſuſtain,
The angry days of *Amarillis* Reign ?
Or ſtill be ſubject to *Menalchas* ſway,
Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more
(fair than Day.
O lovely Boy, preſume not on thy Form,
The faireſt Flow'rs are ſubject to a Storm :
Thou both diſdainſt my Perſon and my Flame,
Without ſo much as asking who I am !
How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,
Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies
(flow.

A thouſand Ewes within my Paſtures breed,
And all the Year upon New-Milk I feed.
Beſides, the fam'd Amphious Songs I ſing,
That into *Thoban* Walls the Stones did bring.
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for t'other day,
When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
As on the Clifts, above the Sea I ſtood,
I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;
And if I look as handſome all the year,
To vie with *Daphnis* ſelf, I wou'd not fear.
Ah wou'dſt thou once in Cottages delight,
And love like me, to wound the Stag in flight!
Where wholſome Mallows grow our Kids to (drive,
And in our Songs with *Pan* himſelf to ſtrive!
From *Pan* the Reeds firſt uſe the Shepherd knew,
'Tis *Pan* preſerves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
Diſdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
Nor ſcorn the Paſtime of a Deity.

What

What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
For half the Noble Skill I offer you?
A Pipe with Quills of various ſize I have,
The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave;
And ſaid, poſſeſs thou this, by right 'tis thine;
Amyntas then ſtood by, and did repine:
Beſides two Kids that I from danger bore,
With ſtreak of lovely white enamel'd o're;
Who drein the bagging Udder twice a day,
And both at home for thy acceptance ſtay.
Oft *Theſtylis* for them has pin'd, and ſhe
Shall have them, ſince thou ſcorn'ſt my Gifts (and me.
Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
The richeſt Preſents that the Spring can make.
See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee;
Fair *Nais*, ſcarce thy ſelf ſo fair as ſhe.
With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets joyn'd,
A Garland for thy ſofter Brow has twin'd.

My

My ſelf with downy Peaches will appear,
And Cheſtnuts, *Amarillis* dainty Chear:
I'le crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
Together bound, becauſe their ſweets agree.
Unbred thou art, and homely *Corydon*,
Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won:
Nor canſt thou hope, if gifts his mind cou'd ſway,
That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.
Ah me! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
Winds blaſt my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my (Streams.
Whom flyſt thou? Gods themſelves have had
In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God. (aboad,
Let *Pallas* in the Towns ſhe built, reſide,
To me a Grove's worth all the World beſide:
Lyons chaſe Wolves, thoſe Wolves a Kid in prime,
That very Kid ſeeks Heaths of flowring time,
While *Corydon* purſues with equal flame;
Alexis, thee; each has his ſeveral Game.

See how the Ox unyoakt brings home the Plow,
The Shades increaſing as the Sun goes low.
Bleſt Fields reliev'd by Nights approach ſo ſoon,
Love has no Night! 'tis always raging Noon!
Ah *Corydon!* what frenzy fills thy breſt?
Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undreſt.
Luxurious ſprouts ſhut out their ripening Ray,
The Branches ſhorn, not yet remov'd away,
Recal thy ſenſes, and to work with ſpeed,
Of many Utenſils thou ſtand'ſt in need.
Fall to thy Labour, quit the peeviſh Boy;
Time, or ſome new deſire ſhall this deſtroy.

THE Second Eclogue.

Engliſhed by Mr. CREECH.

The Shepherd Corydon *woes* Alexis, *but finding he could not prevail, he reſolves to follow his Affairs, and forget his Paſſion.*

ALEXIS.

YOung *Corydon* (hard Fate) an humble Swain
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain;
He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;
Yet every day through Groves he walkt alone,
And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan.
Cruel *Alexis*! can't my Verſes move!
Haſt thou not pitty? muſt I dye for Love?
Juſt now the Flocks purſue the ſhades and cool,
And every Lizzard creeps into his hole:

Brown *Theſtylis* the weary Reapers ſeeks,
And brings their Meat, their Onions & their Leeks:
And whilſt I trace thy ſteps in every Tree
And every Buſh, poor Inſects ſigh with Me:
And had it not been better to have born
The peeviſh *Amarylli's* Frowns and Scorn,
Or elſe *Menalcas*, than this deep deſpair?
Though He was black, and Thou art lovely fair!
Ah charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,
Truſt not too much, ſweet Youth, to that fair face:
Things are not always us'd that pleaſe the ſight,
We gather Black berries when we ſcorn the white.
Thou doſt deſpiſe me, Thou doſt ſcorn my flame,
Yet doſt not know me, nor how rich I am:
A thouſand tender Lambs, a thouſand Kine,
A thouſand Goats I feed, and all are mine:
My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.
I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
Amphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains;

Nor

Nor is my Face ſo mean, I lately ſtood,
And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
And think my ſelf, though it were judg'd by you'
As fair as *Daphni*'s, if that glaſs be true.
Oh that with me, the humble Plains would pleaſe
The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages!
Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
Or drive the Kids, or ſpread the fowling ſnare!
Then you & I would ſing like *Pan* in ſhady Groves;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves:
Pan both the Sheep, and harmleſs Shepherd loves
Nor muſt you think the Pipe too mean for you,
To learn to pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do?
I have a Pipe, well ſeaſon'd, brown, and try'd;
Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd:
He ſaid, here, take it for a Legacy,
Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee,
He ſaid, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me:
Beſides, I found two wanton Kids at Play
In yonder Vale, and thoſe I brought away,

Young ſportive creatures, and of ſpotted hue,
Which ſuckle twice a day, I keep for you :
Theſe *Theſtylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
But now they're hers, ſince you my gifts diſdain :
Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,
The Roſe, and thouſand other fragrant flowers,
To pleaſe thy Senſes in thy ſofteſt hours ;
Theſe *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,
Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.
I'le ſeek for Cheſnuts too in every Grove,
Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
The gloſſie Plums, and juicy Pears I'le bring,
Delightful All, and many a pretty thing :
The Lawrel and the neighbouring Myrtle Tree,
Confus'dly planted 'cauſe they both agree (thee.
And prove more ſweet, ſhall ſend their boughs to
Ah *Corydon* ! Thou art a fooliſh Swain,
And coy *Alexis*, doth thy Gifts diſdain ;

Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could woe,
Iolas can preſent him more than you.
What doth the Madman mean? He idlely brings
Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.
Ah! whom doſt thou avoid? whom fly? the Gods
And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods:
Let *Pallas*, ſhe, whoſe Art firſt rais'd a Town,
Live there, let us delight in VVoods alone:
The Boar, the VVolf, the VVolf the Kid purſues,
The Kid her Thyme, as faſt as to'ther do's,
Alexis, *Corydon*, and him alone,
Each hath his Game, and each purſues his own:
Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,
The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now:
And yet my Paſſion nor my Cares remove,
Love burns me ſtill, what flame ſo fierce as Love!
Ah *Corydon*! what fury's this of thine!
On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine:
Come, rather mind thy uſeful work, prepare
Thy harveſt Baskets, and make thoſe thy care,

Come, mind thy Plow, and thou ſhalt quickly find
Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

THE Third Eclogue.

Or *PALEMON.*

Engliſhed by Mr. CREECH.

Menalcas *and* Dametas *upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager;* Palemon *coming that way by chance, is choſen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controverſie.*

MENALCAS.

TELL me *Dametas*, tell whoſe Sheep theſe (are?

DAMETAS.

Egon's, for *Egon* gave 'em to my care.

MENAL-

MENALCAS.

VVhilſt he *Neæra* courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I ſhall prove the happier Swain.
Poor Sheep ! whilſt he his hopeleſs Love purſues,
Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ews:
The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins ſwigg the Teat,
But find no moiſture, and then idly bleat.

DAMETAS.

No more of that, *Menalcas*, I could tell,
And you know what, for I remember well;
I know when, where, and what the Fool deſign'd,
And what had hapned, but the Nymphs were kind.

MENALCAS.

'Twas then perhaps, when ſome obſerv'd the (Clown,
Spoil *Myco*'s Vines, and cut his Olives down.

DAMETAS.

Or rather when, where thoſe old Beeches grow,
You broke young *Daphni*'s Arrows and his Bow,
You ſaw them given to the lovely Boy,
I -natur'd you, and envy'd at his joy,

But hopes of ſweet revenge thy Life ſupply'd,
And hadſt thou not done miſchief thou hadſt dy'd:

MENALCAS.

VVhat will not Maſter Shepherds dare to do,
VVhen their baſe ſlaves pretend ſo much as you?
Did not I ſee, not I, you pilfering Sot,
VVhen you lay cloſe, and ſnapt rich *Damon*'s Goat?
His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, the Robber, ſee,
Guard well your Flock, you skulkt behind a Tree.

DAMETAS.

I tell Thee Shepherd 'twas before my own,
VVe two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:
This he would own, and gave me cauſe to boaſt,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he loſt.

MENALCAS.

You pipe with him! thou never hadſt a Pipe,
Well joyn'd with wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under hedges to the long ear'd rout,
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a ſchreeching Note:

DAME-

DAMETAS.

And ſhall we have a Tryal of our skill?
I'le lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,
Two Calves ſhe ſuckles, and yet twice a day
She fills two Pails; Now ſpeak, what dare you lay?

MENALCAS.

I cannot ſtake down any of my Flock,
My Fold is little, and but ſmall my Stock:
Beſides, my Father's covetouſly croſs,
My Stepdame curſt, and they will find the loſs:
For both ſtrict eyes o're all my actions keep,
One counts my Kids, and both twice count my Sheep:

But yet I'le lay what you muſt grant as good,
(Since you will loſe) two Cups of beechen wood,
Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work divine,
And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine;
So curiouſly he hits the various ſhapes,
And with pale Ivy cloaths the bluſhing Grapes;

It doth my eyes, and all my friends delight,
I'm ſure your mouth muſt water at the ſight:
VVithin two figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't? that made the Sphear,
And ſhow'd the various Seaſons of the year
What time to ſheer our Sheep, what time to plow,
'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

DAMETAS.

Alcimedon too made me two beechen Pots,
And round the handles wrought ſmooth Ivy-knots;
Orpheus within, and following wood, around
With bended Tops, ſeem liſtning to the ſound.
I never us'd them, never brought them forth;
But to my Heifer, theſe are little worth.

MENALCAS.

I'le pay thee off, I'me ready, come, let's try,
And he ſhall be our Judge, that next comes by;
See, 'tis *Palemon*; come, I'le ne'r give o're,
Till thou ſhalt never dare to challenge more.

DAMETAS.

Begin, I'le not refuſe the skilful'ſt Swain,
I ſcorn to turn my back for any man;
I know my ſelf; but pray judicious Friend,
('Tis no ſmall matter) carefully attend.

PALEMON.

Since we have choſen a convenient place,
Since Woods are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields (with Graſs;
The Trees with Fruit, the Year ſeems fine and gay,
Dametas firſt, then next *Menalcas* play,
By turns, for Verſe the Muſes love by turns.

DAMETAS.

My Muſe begin with *Jove*, all's full of *Jove*,
The God loves me, and doth my Verſes love.

MENALCAS.

And *Phœbus* mine: on *Phœbus* I'le beſtow,
The bluſhing Hyacinth, and Lawrel bough.

DAMETAS.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o're the Green,
And Apples throws, then hides, yet would be ſeen.

MENALCAS.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Paſſion tell,
Our Dogs ſcarce know my *Delia* half ſo well.

DAMETAS.

I'le have a Gift for *Phillis* e're be long,
I know where Stock-doves build, I'le take their (young.

MENALCAS.

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I ſent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but ſoon I'le ſend again.

DAMETAS.

What things my Nymph did ſpeak; what tales of (Love!
Winds bear their Muſick to the Gods above.

MENALCAS.

VVhat boot's it Boy, you not contemn my flame?
Since whilſt I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

DAME.

DAMETAS.

My Birth-day comes, ſend *Phillis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing time, *Iolas* come.

MENALCAS.

And I love *Phillis*, for her Charms excel,
She ſigh'd, farewel, dear Youth, a long farewel.

DAMETAS.

VVolves ruin Flocks, VVind Trees, when newly (blown,
Storms Corn, and me my *Amarylli's* Frown.

MENALCAS.

Dew ſwells the Corn, Kids browze the tender
The Goats love ſallow; fair *Amyntas* me. (Tree,

DAMETAS.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a ruſtick Song,
Muſe feed a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

MENALCAS.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's command,
Muſe feed the Bulls that puſh, and ſpurn the ſand.

DAME-

DAMETAS.

Let *Pollio* have what e're thy wiſh provokes,
Myrrh from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

MENALCAS.

He that loves *Bavius* Songs, may fancy thine,
The ſame may couple Wolves, and ſhear his Swine.

DAMETAS.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and ſhoots a Sting.

MENALCAS.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

DAMETAS.

Kids from the River drive, and ſling your Hook;
Anon I'le waſh them in the ſhallow Brook.

MENALCAS.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk maid ſtroaks an empty Teat.

DAMETAS.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field!
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdſman kill'd.

MENALCAS.

Sure theſe feel none of Loves devouring flames,
Meer skin and bone, & yet they drain their Dams:
Ah me! what Sorcereſs has bewitch'd my Lambs!

DAMETAS.

Tell me where Heaven is juſt three inches broad,
And I'le believe Thee Prophet, or a God:

MENALCAS.

Tell me where Names of Kings in riſing flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phyllis* ſhall be yours.

PALEMON.

I cannot judge which Youth does moſt excel,
For you deſerve the Steer, and he as well.
Reſt equal happy both; and all that prove
A bitter, or elſe fear a pleaſing Love:
But my work calls, let's break the Meeting off,
Boys ſhut your ſtreams, the Fields have drunk enough.

THE
Fourth Eclogue.

POLLIO.

Engliſhed by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Saloninus, *the Son of* Pollio, *born in the Conſulſhip of his Father, after the taking of* Salonæ, *a City in* Dalmatia. *Many of the Verſes are tranſlated from one of the Sybils, who propheſie of our Saviour's Birth.*

Sicilian Muſe begin a loftier ſtrain! (the Plain,
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that ſhade
Delight not all, if thither I repair,
My Song ſhall make 'em worth a Conſul's care.
The laſt great Age foretold by ſacred Rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe, *Saturnian* times

Rowl

Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt Orb, in radiant Circles run.
The baſe degenerate Iron-off-ſpring ends;
A golden Progeny from Heav'n deſcends;
O chaſt *Lucina* ſpeed the Mothers pains,
And haſte the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!
The lovely Boy, with his auſpicious Face,
Shall *Pollio*'s Conſulſhip and Triumph grace;
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed Race.
The Father baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore, more.
And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no
The Son ſhall lead the life of Gods, and be ſee.
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes
The jarring Nations he in peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal Virtues rule mankind.
Unbidden Earth ſhall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs (the promiſes of Spring)
As her firſt Off'rings to her Infant King.

The Goats with ſtrutting Duggs ſhall homeward (ſpeed,
And lowing Herds, ſecure from; Lyons feed.
His Cradle ſhall with riſing flow'rs be crown'd;
The Serpents Brood ſhall die: the ſacred ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuſe to bear,
Each common Buſh ſhall *Syrian* Roſes wear.
But when Heroick Verſe his Youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to Hereditary Praiſe;
Unlabour'd Harveſts ſhall the Fields adorn,
And cluſter'd Grapes ſhall bluſh on every Thorn.
The knotted Oaks ſhall ſhow'rs of Honey weep,
And through the matted Graſs the liquid Gold (ſhall creep.
Yet, of old Fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The Merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great Cities ſhall with Walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd Shares ſhall vex the fruitful ground.
Another *Typhis* ſhall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore

Shall

Shall land the choſen Chiefs:
Another *Helen* other Wars create, (Fate:
And great *Achilles* ſhall be ſent to urge the *Trojan*
But when to ripen'd Man-hood he ſhall grow,
The greedy Sailer ſhall the Seas forego;
No Keel ſhall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil ſhall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen ſhall disjoyn, (Vine:
No Plow ſhall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the
Nor wooll ſhall in diſſembled colours ſhine.
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece ſhall proudly ſweat:
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb ſhall bleat.
The Fates, when they this happy Web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred Clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to awful Honours move,
O of Cœleſtial Stem! O foſter Son of *Jove*!
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;

See to their Baſe reſtor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind, ſtand crowding to (appear.
To ſing thy Praiſe, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong
Infuſing Spirits worthy ſuch a Song;
Not *Thracian Orpheus* ſhould tranſcend my Layes,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes:
Though each his Heav'nly Parent ſhou'd inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the (Lyre.
Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, & thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges ſhould their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious Boy, to caſt about (ſingle out;
Thy Infant Eyes, and with a ſmile, thy Mother
Thy Mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous Qualms of ten long Months and (Travail to requite.
Then ſmile; the frowning Infants Doom is read,
No God ſhall crown the Board, nor Goddeſs bleſs (the Bed.

THE

THE
Fifth Eclogue.

DAPHNIS.

Engliſhed by Mr. DUKE.

MENALCAS, MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

Mopſus, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret Shade,
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your Age commands Reſpect, and I obey,
Whether you in this lonely Copſe will ſtay,

Where weſtern Winds the bending Branches ſhake,
And in their play the Shades uncertain make:
Or whether to that ſilent Cave you go,
The better choice! ſee how the wild Vines grow,
Luxuriant round, and ſee how wide they ſpread,
And in the Cave their purple cluſters ſhed!

MENALCAS.

Amintas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with *Phœbus* too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful flame
Of dying *Phillis*, whether *Alcons* fame,
Or *Codru's* Brawls thy willing Muſe provoke;
Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the ſad Song repeat,
That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
And ſet to ſweeteſt Notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you *Amintas* ſing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the moſt humble Shrub that grows,
Yields to the beautious Bluſhes of the Roſe,
Or bending Oſiers to the Olive-Tree;
So much, I judge, *Amintas* yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this Diſcourſe, here put an end,
This is the Cave, ſit and my Verſe attend.

MOPSUS.

When the ſad fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
The pitying Nymphs diſſolv'd in pious tears.
Witneſs, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries;
Witneſs, you Floods, ſwoln with their weeping (Eyes.
The mournful Mother (on his body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,
And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty Herds to the cool River drive;

The generous Horſe turn'd from freſh Streams his head,
And on the ſweeteſt Graſs refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death, even fierceſt Lions mourn'd,
And Hills & Woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian Tygers fierceneſs broke,
And brought 'em willing to the Sacred Yoke:
Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worſhip did ordain
The Revels of his conſecrated Train;
The Reeling Prieſts with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
And their long Spears with cluſtered branches bound.
As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,
As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn;
Such Grace, ſuch Ornament wert thou to all
That glori'd to be thine: ſince thy ſad Fall,
No more *Apollo* his glad preſence yields,
And *Pales* ſelf forſakes her hated Fields.
Oft where the fineſt Barley we did ſow,
Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow;

And where ſoft Violets did the Vales adorn,
The Thiſtle riſes and the prickly Thorn.
Come Shepherds ſtrow with Flow'rs the hallow'd (ground,

The ſacred Fountains with thick Boughs ſurround;
Daphnis theſe Rites requires: to *Daphni*'s praiſe
Shepherds a Tomb with this Inſcription raiſe,

Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis *lye*;
Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my raviſh'd Ears
Are the ſweet numbers of thy mournful Verſe;
As to tir'd Swains ſoft ſlumbers on the Graſs,
As freſheſt Springs that through green Meadows (paſs

To one that's parch'd with thirſt & ſummers heat,
In thee thy Maſter does his equal meet:
Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,
Bleſt Swain, 'tis you alone can him ſucceed!

Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,
I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,
Will raiſe; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of *Stimichon* be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you?

MENALCAS.

Daphnis now wondring at the glorious ſhow,
Through Heavens bright Pavement does triumphant go,
And ſees the moving Clouds, and the fixt ſtars below:

Therefore new joys make glad the Woods, the Plains,
Pan and the Dryades, and the chearful Swains.
The Wolf no Ambuſh for the Flock does lay,
No cheating Nets the harmleſs Deer betray,
Daphnis a general Peace commands, and nature does obey.

Hark!

Hark! the glad Mountains raiſe to Heaven their (Voice!
Hark! the hard Rocks in myſtick tunes rejoyce!
Hark! through the Thickets wondrous Songs (reſound.
A God! A God! *Menalcas*, he is Crown'd!
O be propitious! O be good to thine!
See! here four hallow'd Altars we deſign,
To *Daphnis* two, to *Phœbus* two we raiſe,
To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praiſe:
Sacred to Thee they each returning year
Two bowls of Milk and two of Oyl ſhall bear:
Feaſts I'll ordain, and to thy deathleſs praiſe
Thy Votaries exalted thoughts to raiſe,
Rich *Chian* Wines ſhall in full Goblets flow,
And give a taſte of *Nectar* here below.
Dametas ſhall with *Lictian Ægon* joyn,
To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.
Alpheſibæus with a reeling Gate,
Shall the wild Satyr's dancing imitate.

When

When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
When we with ſolemn Rites our Fields ſurvey,
Theſe Honours ever ſhall be Thine ; The Bore
Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more ;
No more in Streams the Fiſh, in Flow'rs the Bee,
E're *Daphnis* we forget our ſongs to Thee :
Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year,
Shall as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* bear.
To Thee as to thoſe Gods ſhall Vows be made,
And Vengeance wait on thoſe, by whom they are not paid.

MOPSUS.

What Preſent worth thy Verſe, can *Mopſus* find ?
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the Southern Wind
So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind ;
Not ſounding ſhores beat by the murmuring tide,
Nor Rivers that through ſtony Valleys glide.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this Pipe ſhall take : and 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor *Corydons* unhappy Flame : *Ecl.* 2.

The

The ſame that taught me *Melibæus*'s Sheep. *Ecl.* 3.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this Sheephook keep,
Adorn'd with Braſs, which I have oft deni'd
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.
And who wou'd think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I could deny, and freely give it you.

THE

THE Sixth Eclogue.

SILENUS.

Engliſhed by the Earl *of* ROSCOMON.

My Aim being only to have Virgil *underſtood by ſuch who do not underſtand Latine, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with ſome Names and Paſſages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Poſtſcript, where they will find the beſt account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.*

I Firſt of *Romans* ſtoop'd to Rural ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among[1] *Sicilian* Swains,
When my *Thalia*[2] rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuſe,
And with this Whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe.

A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flocks ſhould feed,
And chuſe a Subject ſuited to his Reed.
Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares
To write thy Praiſes *Varus*,[3] and thy Wars)
My Paſt'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,
And though I once preſum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes
Can look on this, and ſuch a Trifle prize)
Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains ſhall ſing,
And every Grove and every Eccho ring.
Phœbus delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,
And none who under that protection came,
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unſecure of Fame.

Proceed my Muſe.
4 Young *Chromis* and *Mnaſylus*, chanc'd to ſtray,
Where (ſleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay.
Whoſe conſtant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,
And always boyl in each extended vein;

His

His truſty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Uſe;
Drop'd from his head, a Wreath lay on the ground;
In haſte they ſeiz'd him, and in haſte they bound[5];
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitleſs hope of his Inſtructive Song:
But while with conſcious fear they doubtful ſtood,
Ægle[6], the faireſt *Nais* of the Flood,
With a Vermilion[7]-dye his Temples ſtain'd.
Waking, he ſmil'd, and muſt I then be chain'd?
Looſe me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd Verſe no longer I'll delay,
(She ſhall be ſatisfi'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty Oaks their liſtning branches bow'd,
And Savage Beaſts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For

For lo ! he ſung the Worlds ſtupendious Birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, through univerſal night,
And empty ſpace did fruitfully unite,
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive Order ſprings.

By what degrees this Earths compacted Sphere
Was hardned, Woods & Rocks and Towns to bear;
How ſinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
VVhile from above adorn'd with radiant light,
A new born Sun ſurpriz'd the dazled ſight;
How Vapors turn'd to Clouds obſcure the Sky,
And Clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty ground ſupply;
How the firſt Foreſt rais'd its ſhady head,
Till when, few wandring Beaſts on unknown (Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha*'s ſtony Race roſe from the Ground,
Old *Saturn* reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,

And bold *Prometheus* (whoſe untam'd deſire
Rival'd[8] the Sun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vulture's endleſs Prey,
Severely pays for animating Clay.
He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could (tell?
Into whoſe Arms the lovely *Hylas*[9] fell;
Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the Coaſt.

He with compaſſion told *Paſiphae*'s fault,
Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty (thought?
The Maids of *Argos*,[10] who with frantick Cries
And imitated Lowings fill'd the Skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnatural heat.
Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains (ſtray,
He on ſoft Flowers his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſeeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:
Surround my Nymphs, ſhe crys, ſurround the Grove;

Perhaps

Perhaps ſome footſteps printed in the Clay,
Will to my Love direct our wandring way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I rome,
My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He ſung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
By thoſe *Heſperian* Baits her Lover laid,
And the ſad Siſters who to Trees were turn'd,
While with the World th'ambitious Brother burn'd
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his Verſe, the Poplars ſeem'd to riſe.

He taught which Muſe did by *Apollo*'s will
Guide wandring *Gallus*[11] to th' *Aonian* Hill:
(Which place the God for ſolemn Meetings choſe)
With deep reſpect the learned Senate roſe,
And *Linus*[12] thus (deputed by the reſt)
The Hero's welcome, and their thanks expreſs'd:
This Harp of old to *Heſiod* did belong,
To this, the Muſes Gift, joyn thy harmonious Song;

Charm'd by theſe ſtrings Trees ſtarting from the Ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful ſound,
Thus conſecrated thy [13] *Grynæan* Grove
Shall have no equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why ſhould I ſpeak of the [14] *Megarian* Maid,
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?
And her,[15] who round with barking Monſters arm'd,
The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd;
Whoſe[16] only hope on ſhatter'd ſhips depends,
While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,
Who to thoſe Woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While loth to leave the Palace to well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her own.

What-

17

Whatever near *Eurotas*'s happy ſtream
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo*'s Theam,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And ſend his Myſtick numbers through the sky,
Till night began to ſpread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing ſhades the murmuring world
(reſign'd.

POSTSCRIPT.

1. *Sicilian*——*Virgil* in his Eclogue, imitates *Theocritus* a *Sicilian* Poet.

2. *Thalia*——The name of the Rural Muſe.

3. *Varus*——A great Favourite of *Auguſtus*, the ſame that was kill'd in *Germany*, and loſt the Roman Legions.

4. *Chromis* and *Mnaſylus*——Some Interpreters think theſe were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds: I rather take them for Satyrs, becauſe of their names, which are never uſed for Shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.

5. *They bound*——*Proteus*, *Pan*, and *Silenus* would never tell what was deſired, till they were bound.

6. *Nais*——The Latin word for a water-Nymph.

7. *Vermilion Dye*——The Colour that *Pan* and *Silenus* lov'd beſt.

8. *Rival'd the Sun*——*Minerva* delighted with the Art and Induſtry of *Prometheus* (who had made an Image of Clay ſo perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image. *Ov.* 2. *M.*

9. *Hylas*——Favorite of *Hercules*, who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets ſay that a Nymph had ſtole

ſtole him away: I uſe the word *reſounds* (in the Preſent Tenſe) becauſe *Strabo* (who lived at the ſame time as *Virgil*) ſeems to intimate, that the *Pruſians* continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud cries.

10. *The Maids of* Argos——Daughters of *Prætis*, King of *Argos*, who preſumed ſo much upon their Beauty, that they preferr'd it to *Juno*'s, who in revenge, ſtruck them with ſuch a Madneſs, that they thought themſelves Cows. They were at laſt cured by *Melampodes* with Hellebore, and for that reaſon, Black Hellebore is called Melampodion.

11. *Gallus* ——an excellent Poet and great Friend of *Virgil* he was afterwards Prætor of *Ægypt*, and being accuſed of ſome Conſpiracy, or rather called upon for ſome Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himſelf. It is the ſame *Gallus* you read of in the laſt Eclogue: And *Suidas* ſays, that *Virgil* means him by *Ariſtæus*, in the divine Concluſion of his Georgicks.

12. *Linus* Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*.

13. *The Grynæan Grove* ——Conſecrated to *Apollo*; by this he means ſome Poem writ upon that Subject by *Gallus*.

14. *The* Megarian *Maid*——*Sylla* daughter of *Niſus* King of *Megara*, who falling in Love with *Minos*, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treaſon, rejected her.

15. *Her who round*———another *Sylla*, daughter of *Phorcis*, whoſe lower Parts were turned into Dogs by *Circe*; and ſhe, in deſpair, flung her ſelf into the Sea.

16. *Whoſe only Hope*———*Ulyſſes*'s Ships were not loſt, though *Scylla* devoured ſeveral of his Men.

17. *Eurotas*——— a River in *Greece*, whoſe Banks were ſhaded with Laurels; *Apollo* retired thither to lament the Death of his dear *Hyacinthus* whom he had accidentally killed.

THE

THE
Seventh Eclogue.

Engliſhed by Mr. ADAMS.

This Eclogue is wholly Paſtoral, and conſiſts of the Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrſis *and* Coridon, *to the hearing of which,* Melibæus *was invited by* Daphnis, *and thus relates it.*

MELIBÆUS.

WHile *Daphnis* ſate beneath a whiſp'ring (ſhade,
Thyrſis and *Coridon* together fed (wooll
Their mingling Flocks; his Sheep with ſofteſt
Where cloath'd his Goats of ſweeteſt Milk were (full.
Both in the beauteous ſpring of blooming Youth,
The worthy Pride of bleſt *Arcadia* both;

Each with like Art, his tuneful voice cou'd raiſe,
Each anſwer readily in rural Lays ;
Hither the father of my Flock had ſtray'd,
While Shelters I for my young Myrtles made ;
Here I fair *Daphnis* ſaw ; when me he ſpy'd,
Come hither quickly, gentle Youth ! he cry'd.
Your Goat and Kids are ſafe, O ſeek not thoſe,
But if you've leiſure in this Shade repoſe :
Hither to water, the full Heifers tend, ſcend,
When length'ning Shadows from the Hills de-
Mincius with reeds here interweaves his bounds,
And from that ſacred Oak, a buſie ſwarm reſounds.
What ſhould I do ? nor was *Alcippe* there,
Nor *Phillis*, who might of my Lambs take care ;
Yet to my buſineſs, I their ſports prefer,
For the two Swains with great Ambition ſtrove,
Who beſt could tune his Reed, or beſt could ſing
(his Love ;

Al-

Alternate Verſe their ready Muſes choſe ;
In Verſe alternate each quick fancy flows ;
Theſe ſang young *Coridon*, young *Thyrſis* thoſe.

CORYDON.

Ye much lov'd Muſes ! ſuch a Verſe beſtow,
As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow,
Or if all can't obtain the Guift divine,
My Pipe I'le conſecrate on yonder Pine.

THYRSIS.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with ſpite be torn ;
Or, if he praiſe too much, apply ſome charm,
Leſt his ill Tongue your future Poet harm

CORIDON.

Theſe branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boars head,
By little *Mycon*'s, on thy Altar laid,
If this continue *Delia !* thou ſhalt ſtand
Of ſmootheſt Marble by the skilful'ſt hand.

THYR

THYRSIS.

This Milk, theſe Cakes, *Priapus* every year
Expect, a little Garden is thy care,
Thou'rt Marble now, but if more land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou ſhalt be made of Gold.

CORIDON.

O *Galatea*! ſweet as *Hyblas* Thyme (Prime.
White as, more White, then Swans are in their
Come, when the Herds ſhall to their Stalls repair,
O come, if e're thy *Coridon*'s thy care.

THYRSIS.

O may I harſh as bittereſt herbs appear
Rough as wild Myrtles, vile as Sea-Weeds are;
If years ſeem longer then this tedious day,
Haſt home my Glutton Herd, haſt haſt away.

CORIDON.

Ye Moſſie ſprings! ye Paſtures! ſofter far
Then thoughtleſs hours of ſweeteſt ſlumbers are,
Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
On the glad Vines the ſwelling Buds appear.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

Here on my hearth a conſtant flame does play,
And the fat vapour paints the roof each day,
Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
As Streams their banks, or Wolves do number mind.

CORIDON.

Look how the Trees rejoyce in comely Pride,
While their ripe fruit lies ſcatter'd on each ſide;
All nature ſmiles, but if *Alexis* ſtay
From our ſad Hills the Rivers weep away,

THYRSIS.

The dying graſs, with ſickly air does fade,
No field's unparcht, no vines our Hills do ſhade;
But if my *Phillis* come all ſprouts again,
And bounteous *Jove* deſcends in kindly rain.

CORIDON.

Bacchus the Vine, the Laurel *Phœbus* loves,
Fair *Venus* cheriſhes the myrtle Groves, (Tree,
Phillis the Hazels loves, while *Phillis* loves that
Myrtles and Lawrels of leſs fame ſhall be.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

The lofty Ash is Glory of the Woods,
The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods;
If oft thy Swain fair *Lycidas* thou ſee,
To thee the Aſh ſhall yield, the Pine to thee.

MELIBÆUS.

Theſe I remember well
While vanquiſht *Thyrſis* did contend in vain,
Thence *Coridon* young *Coridon* does reign
The beſt the ſweeteſt on our wondring Plain.

THE
Eighth Eclogue.
PHARMACEUTRIA.

Engliſhed by Mr. STAFFORD.

SAd *Damon*'s and *Alpheſibœus* Muſe
I ſing: to hear whoſe notes the Herds refuſe
Their needful food, the ſalvage Lynxes gaze,
And ſtopping Streams their preſſing waters raiſe.
I ſing ſad *Damon*'s and *Alpheſibœus* Layes;
And Thou (whatever part is bleſt with thee,
The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)
Smile on my Verſe: is there in fate an hour
To ſwell my numbers with my Emperour?
There is, and to the world there ſhall be known
A Verſe, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.

Amidſt

Amidſt the Laurels on thy Front divine
Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine:
Thine was my earlieſt Muſe, my lateſt ſhall be thine.
Night ſcarce was paſt, the Morn was yet ſo new,
And well pleas'd Herds yet rowl'd upon the dew;
When *Damon* ſtretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
And ſung, riſe *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:
Riſe, riſe, while *Niſa*'s falſhood I deplore,
And call thoſe Gods to whom ſhe vainly ſwore,
To hear my ſad expiring Muſe and Me.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

On *Mænalus* ſtand ever-echoing Groves,
Still truſted with the harmleſs Shepherds loves:
Here *Pan* reſides, who firſt made Reeds and Verſe agree.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

Mopſus is *Niſa*'s choice; how juſt are Lovers fears?
Now Mares with Griffins joyn, and following years

Shall

Shall ſee the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.
O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, & fling
Thy Nuts, ſee modeſt *Heſper* quits the Sky.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

O happy Nymph, bleſt in a wondrous choice,
For *Mopſus* you contemn'd my Verſe and Voice:
For him my Beard was ſhaggy in your eye;
For him, you laugh'd at every Deity.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

VVhen firſt I ſaw thee young and charming too,
'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.
My thirteenth year was downy on my chin,
And hardly could my hands the loweſt branches win;
How did I gaze? how did I gazing dye?
To *Mænalus* my Pipes & Muſe tune all your harmony.

I know thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred,
And *Thracian* Rocks thy infant fury fed:

Hard

Hard ſoul'd, and not of humane Progeny. (mony.
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
Her hands in blood: 'twas Love her Children ſlew:
VVas ſhe more cruel, or more impious he?
An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother ſhe.
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your (harmony.

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,
Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Roſe;
From Reeds and Thiſtles Balm and Amber Spring,
And Owles and Daws provoke the Swan to ſing:
Let *Tityrus* in woods with *Orpheus* vie,
And ſoft *Arion* on the Waves defie; (harmony.
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewell ye Woods:
From yon high Cliff, I'le plung into the Floods.

O *Niſa* take this diſmal Legacy; (harmony.
Now ceaſe my Pipes and Muſe, ceaſe all your

Thus He, *Alpheſibæus* ſong rehearſe:
Ye ſacred Nine above my rural Verſe;
Bring water, Altars bind with myſtick bands,
Burn Gums and Vervain, & lift high the Wands;
We'll mutter ſacred magick till it warms
My icie Swain; 'tis Verſe we want; my charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

By charms compel'd the trembling Moon (deſcends,
And *Circe* chang'd, by Charms, *Ulyſſe*'s friends;
By charms the Serpent burſt: ye pow'rful Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,
Which thrice I drag the ſacred Altars round.
Unequal numbers pleaſe the Gods: my Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

There

Three knots of treble colour'd silk we tye ;
Haste *Amaryllis*, knit e'm instantly :
And say, these, *Venus*, are thy Chains ; my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Just as before this fire the Wax and Clay
One melts, one hardens, let him waste away.
Strew Corn and Salt, and burn those leaves of Bay.
I burn these Leaves, but he burns me : my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage, as when the bellowing Kind,
Mad with desire, run round the Woods to find
Their Mates ; when tir'd, their tremblings limbs (they lay
Near some cool Stream, nor mind the setting day:
Thus let him rage, unpitied too : my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

These Garments once were my perfidious Swains,
Which to the Earth I cast : ah dear remains !
Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph : my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Mæris

Mæris himſelf theſe Herbs from *Pontus* brought,
Pontus for every noble Poyſon ſought ;
Aided by theſe, he now a VVolf becomes,
Now draws the Buried ſtalking from their tombs,
The Corn from field to field tranſports : my Charms
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Caſt o're your head the aſhes in the Brook,
Caſt backwark o're your head, nor turn your look.
I ſtrive, but Gods and Art he ſlights : my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold new flames from the dead aſhes riſe,
Bleſt be the Omen, bleſt the Prodigies,
For *Hylax* barks, ſhall we believe our eyes?
Or do we Lovers dream ? ceaſe, ceaſe, my Charms,
My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my (arms.

The ſame ECLOGUE,

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Love's recite,
The Shepherd's envy, and the Fields delight:
Whom as they ſtrove, the liſtening Heifers ſtood,
Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food;
They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves and led
The wondering Rivers from their wonted Bed.
I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepherd's Envy, and the Fields delight.

And you Great Prince, whoſe Empire unconfin'd,
As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
Whether you with victorious Troops paſs o're
Timavus Rocks, or coaſt th' *Illyrian* ſhore;
Shall I beginning with theſe Rural lays,
Ever my Muſe to ſuch perfection raiſe,
As without raſhneſs to attempt your praiſe?

And

And thro' the ſubject World your Deeds rehearſe,
Deeds worthy of the Majeſty of Verſe!
My firſt Fruits now I to your Altar bring
You, with a riper Muſe, I laſt will ſing.
Mean while among your Laurel Wreaths allow
This Ivy Branch to ſhade your Conquering Brow.

Scarce had the Sun diſpell'd the ſhades of Night,
Whilſt dewy browze the Cattel does invite;
When in a mournful poſture, pale, and wan
The luckleſs *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thou drowſie Star of Morning, come away,
Come and lead forth the ſacred Lamp of day;
Whilſt I by *Niſa* baffl'd and betray'd,
Dying to Heaven accuſe the perjur'd Maid.
But Prayers are all loſt Breath; the Powers above
Give Diſpenſations for falſe Oaths in Love.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

'Tis a moſt bleſſed place, that *Arcady*!
And Shepherds bleſs'd, who in thoſe Coverts lye!
Muſick and Love is all their buſineſs there,
Pan doth himſelf part in thoſe Conſorts bear:
The vocal Pines with claſping Arms conſpire,
To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.
Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mopſus does *Niſa*, a cheap conqueſt gain,
Preſented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain,
What hour ſecure, what reſpit to his Mind
In this falſe World can a poor Lover find?
Let Griffins Mares, and Eagles Turtles woo,
And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs purſue,
Theſe may indeed ſubject of wonder prove,
But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.
Mopſus buy Torches, *Hymen* you muſt joyn;
Beſpeak our *Bride-cake*, *Heſperus* all is thine.

Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

A worthy Match, and juſt reward of Pride,
Whilſt you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!
Too long my Beard, nor ſmooth enough my Face:
And with my Perſon, you my Flocks diſgrace.
There are *revenging Gods*, proud Nymphs, there
And injur'd Love is Heav'ns peculiar care, (are,
Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Early I walk'd one Morn with careleſs thought
Your Mother you into our Garden brought
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges ſought;
The faireſt Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:
I came, I ſaw, I gaz'd my heart away, (aſtray.
Me, and my Flocks, and all my Life that minute lead

Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Now Love I know you, for my ſelf, too late:
But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate.
Truſt not his flattering Voice, or ſmiling Face,
A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,
Not one of us, nor like the *Britiſh* Race,
She Wolves gave Suck to the *pernicious Boy*,
The *Shepherds he*, *they* do the *Flocks* deſtroy.
Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Miſchief is all his Sport; at his Commands,
In her Sons Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands;
A ſad unnatural Mother ſhe, 'tis true,
But *Love*, that Cruelty ſhe learn'd of *you*.
Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
Now into all extravagance will run:
The Tamarisk bright Amber ſhall diſtil,
And the courſe Alder bear ſoft Daffadil.
Shortly the Screch-*Owl*, with her boading Throat,
The *Swans* ſhall *Rival* in their *dying* note,
S..... and *O*..... the Bays ſhall claim,
And equal *Dr*..... and *Roſ*.....'s Fame.
Begin with me my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th'*Arcadian* Swains.

May the World ſink with me! farewel ye Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and Conſcious of my Loves:
Down from the Precipice my ſelf I'll caſt,
Accept this preſent *Niſa*--- 'tis my laſt.
Then ceaſe my Flute, for ever ceaſe thy ſtrains,
Bid a ſad ſilence through th'*Arcadian* Plains.

THE
Ninth Eclogue.

When Virgil *by the Favour of* Augustus *had recover'd his Patrimony near* Mantua, *and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by* Arius *the* Centurion, *to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperour in reward of his Service against* Brutus *and* Cassius. *This Eclogue therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Usage; and the persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of* Virgil, *and his Friend.*

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO *Moeris*! whither on thy way so fast?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas* at last
The time is come, I never thought to see,
(Strange revolution for my Farm and me)

When

When the grim Captain in a ſurly tone
Cries out, pack up ye Raſcals and be gone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two Kids, to' appeaſe his angry Mood
I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
That from the ſloaping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs & Rhimes
Prevail, as much in theſe hard iron times,
As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that riſe
Againſt an Eagle ſouſing from the Skies.
And had not *Phœbus* warn'd me by the croak
Of an old Raven from a hollow Oak,
To ſhun debate, *Menalcas* had been ſlain,
And *Moeris* not ſurviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage prevail
So far, the ſacred Muſes to aſſail?
Who then ſhou'd ſing the Nymphs, or who rehearſe
The waters gliding in a ſmoother Verſe!
Or *Amaryllis* praiſe that heavenly lay,
That ſhorten'd as we went, our tedious way;
O *Tityrus*, tend my herd and ſee them fed;
To Morning paſtures Evening waters led:
And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfiniſh'd He to *Varus* read;
Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder pow'rs (Tow'rs
Preſerve our plains, and ſhield the *Mantuan*
Obnoxious by *Cremonus* neighb'ring Crime,)
The wings of Swans, and ſtronger pinion'd
(Rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne're be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags diſtend
And Trees to Goats their willing branches bend;
Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
At leaſt the Shepherds ſeem to like my lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor to *Cinna*'s Ears, nor *Varus* dare aſpire;
But gabble like a Gooſe, amidſt the Swan-like (quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:
Nor are they Verſes of a Vulgar kind.
Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forſake,
What pleaſures can the Tides with their hoarſe (murmurs make?

See on the Shore inhabits purple ſpring;
Where Nightingales their Love-ſick ditty ſing;

See

See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs (the ground
The Grottoes cool, with ſhady Poplars crown'd
And creeping Vines to Arbours weav'd around.
Come then and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the ſhore.

LYCIDAS.

Or that ſweet Song I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, doſt thou ſearch in old Records,
To know the ſeaſons when the ſtars ariſe?
See *Cæſars* Lamp is lighted in the Skies:
The ſtar, whoſe rays the bluſhing grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender ſhoot;
Thy Childrens Children ſhall enjoy the fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for Cares and Time
Change all things, and untune my ſoul to rhime:

I cou'd have once ſung down a Summers Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
My voice grows hoarſe; I feel the Notes decay,
As if the Wolves had ſeen me firſt to day.
But theſe, and more then I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the Waves roul ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſht winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend
As if thy tuneful Song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'recome;
Far off I can diſcern *Bianors* Tomb; (Bowr
Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a
Of wreathing trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
We've day before us, yet to reach the Town:
Or if e're night the gathering Clouds we fear,
A Song will help the beating ſtorm to bear.

And that thou maiſt not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'le eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy Load.

MOERIS.

Ceaſe to entreat me, let us mind our way;
Another Song requires another day.
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,
And find a friend at Court, I'le find a voice.

THE Tenth Eclogue.

GALLUS.

Engliſhed by Mr. STAFFORD.

Sicilian Nymph, aſſiſt my mournful ſtrains;
The laſt I ſing in rural Notes to Swains:
Grant then a Verſe ſo tender and ſo true,
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
Who can deny a verſe to Grief and *Gallus* due?

So,

So, when thy VVaters paſs beneath the Tide,
Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapleſs Vows;
VVhile, on the tender Twigs, the Cattel browſe:
Nothing is deaf; Woods liſten, while we ſing,
And ecchoing Groves reſound and Mountains ring.
Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
When to unpiti'd flames he was betray'd?
Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
Nor was *Parnaſſus* guilty of your ſtay:
The Bays, whoſe honours he ſo long had kept,
The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
When ſtretcht beneath a Rock, he ſigh'd alone,
The Mountain pines and *Menalus* did groan,
And cold *Lyceus* wept from every ſtone.
His Flock ſurrounded him: nor think thy fame
Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name;
E're thou and I our ſheep to Paſtures led,
His Flocks the Goddeſs lov'd *Adonis* fed.

The Shepherds came; the ſluggiſh Neat-herd (Swains,
And Swine-herds reeking from their Maſt and (Grains.
All askt from whence this frenzy? *Phœbus* came
To ſee his Poet, *Phœbus* askt the ſame:
And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care,
Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare
The Froſts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms of War.
Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore;
A Wreath of Lillies on his head he wore.
Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too,
His skin all dy'd of a Vermilion hue:
He cry'd, what mad deſigns doſt thou purſue?
Nor ſatisfy'd with dew the graſs appears
With browze the Kids, nor cruel Love with tears.
When thus (and ſorrow melted in his eyes)
Gallus to his *Arcadian* friends replies:

Ye

Ye gentle Swains, ſing to the Rocks my moan,
(For you *Arcadian* Swains ſhou'd ſing alone:)
How calm a reſt my wearied Ghoſt wou'd have,
If you adorn'd my Love and mourn'd my Grave?
O that your birth and buſineſs had been mine,
To feed a Flock, or preſs the ſwelling Vine!
Had *Phillis*, or had *Galatea* been
My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,
(What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
Are Violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?)
Secure in that unenvied ſtate, among
The Poplars, I my careleſs limbs had flung;
Phillis had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* ſung.
Behold, fair Nymph, what bliſs the Country (yields
The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the (laughing Fields.
Next all the Pleaſures of the Foreſt ſee:
Where I could melt away my years with Thee.

But

But furious Love denies me ſoft repoſe,
And hurls me on the pointed ſpears of foes.
While thou (but ah! that I ſhould find it ſo,
Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, doſt go
Through all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow.
Yet, flying me, no hardſhip maiſt thou meet;
Nor Snow nor Ice offend thoſe tender feet.
But let me run to deſarts, and rehearſe
On my *Sicilian* reeds *Euphorions* Verſe;
Ev'n in the Dens of Monſters let me lye,
Thoſe I can tame, but not your cruelty.
On ſmootheſt rinds of Trees, I'le carve my woe;
And as the rinds encreaſe, the love ſhall grow.
Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Menalus* reſort,
I'le make the Boar my danger and my ſport.
When, from the Vales the jolly cry reſounds,
What rain or cold ſhall keep me from my Hounds?
Methinks my ears the ſprightly conſort fills;
I ſeem to bound thro' Woods and mount o're Hills.

My Arm of a *Cydonian* Javelin ſeiz'd,
As if by this my madneſs cou'd be eas'd;
Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd.
My frenzy changes now; and Nymphs and Verſe (I hate,
And Woods; for ah, what toil can ſtubborn (Love abate!

Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go,
And ſhiver in the cold *Sythonian* Snow,
Or to the ſwarthy *Ethiopes* Clime remove,
Parcht all below, and burning all above,
Ev'n there wou'd Love o'recome; then, let us yield to Love.

Let this ſad Lay ſuffice, by ſorrow breath'd,
While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd:
My rural Numbers, in their homely guiſe
Gallus, becauſe they came from me, will prize:
Gallus, whoſe growing Love my breaſt does rend,
As ſhooting Trees the burſting Bark diſtend.

Now riſe, for Night and Dew the Fields invade;
And *Juniper* is an unwholeſome ſhade:
Blaſts kill the Corn by night, and Flow'rs with (Mildew fade.
Bright *Heſper* twinkles from afar; away
My Kids, for you have had a feaſt to day.

THE
Laſt Eclogue.

Tranſlated, or rather Imitated, In the Year 1666.

ONe labour more, O *Arethuſa*, yield
Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
Some Verſes to my *Gallus* e're we part,
Such as may one day break *Licoris* Heart,
As ſhe did his, who can refuſe a Song,
To one that lov'd ſo well, and dy'd ſo young!

So

So may'ſt thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* pleaſe,
When thou creep'ſt under the *Sicanian* Seas.
Begin, and ſing *Gallus* unhappy fires,
Whilſt yonder Goat to yonder branch aſpires
Out of his reach. We ſing not to the deaf;
An anſwer comes from every trembling leaf.
What Woods, what Forreſts had intic'd your ſtay?
Ye *Nyades*, why came ye not away?
When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnaſſus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
To ſtop your courſe; nor could your haſty flight
Be ſtay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
Him the freſh Lawrels, him the lowly Heath
Bewail'd with dewy tears; his parting breath
Made lofty *Mœnalus* hang his piny Head;
Lycæan Marbles wept when he was dead.
Under a lonely Tree he lay and pin'd,
His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
As he on love; ſuch kind and gentle Sheep,
Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.

There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Froſt and Winds.
All ask him whence, for whom this fatal love,
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove?
Why *Gallus*? why ſo fond, he ſays, thy flame,
Thy care, *Licoris*, is anothers game;
For him ſhe ſighs and raves, him ſhe purſues
Thorough the mid-day heats and morning dews;
Over the ſnowy Cliffs and frozen ſtreams,
Through noiſy Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy dreams,
She has left thee. Still lay the drooping Swain
Hanging his mournful head, *Phœbus* in vain
Offers his Herbs, imploys his Counſel here;
'Tis all refus'd, or anſwer'd with a tear. (Trees
What ſhakes the Branches! what makes all the
Begin to bow their heads, the Goats their Knees?
Oh! 'tis *Silvanus*, with his moſſie Beard
And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
Of Wood-born Satyrs; ſee! he ſhakes his Spear,
A Green young Oak, the talleſt of the year.

Pan

Pan the *Arcadian* God forſook the Plains,
Mov'd with the ſtory of his *Gallus* pains.
We ſaw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
Painted with Berries-juice; we ſaw him ſtand
And gaze upon his ſhepherds bathing eyes;
And what, no end, no end of grief he cries!
Love, little minds all thy conſuming care,
Or reſtleſs thoughts, they are his dayly fare.
Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Graſs with ſhow'rs,
Nor Goats with tender ſprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
Are ever ſatisfy'd. Thus ſpoke the God,
And toucht the Shepherd with his Hazle-Rod:
He, ſorrow ſlain, ſeem'd to revive, and ſaid,
But yet *Arcadians* is my grief allay'd,
To think that in theſe Woods, and Hills, & Plains,
When I am ſilent in the Grave, your Swains
Shall ſing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inſpir'd
By *Phœbus*; Oh! how gently ſhall theſe tir'd
And fainting Limbs repoſe in endleſs ſleep,
Whilſt your ſweet Notes my love immortal keep!

Would

Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
Juſt one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
Or weild a Hook, or prune a branching Vine,
And known no other Love, but *Phillis* thine;
Or thine *Amintas*; what though both are brown,
So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down,
Amongſt the Vines the Willows and the Springs,
Phillis makes Garlands, and *Amintas* ſings.
No cruel abſence calls my love away,
Further then Bleeting Sheep can go aſtray,
Here my *Licoris*, here are ſhady Groves,
Here Fountains cool, and Meadows ſoft, our loves
And lives may here together wear and end:
O the true Joys of ſuch a Fate and Friend!
I now am hurried by ſevere Commands,
Into remoteſt Parts, among the Bands
Of armed Troops; there by my foes purſu'd;
Here by my friends; but ſtill by love ſubdu'd.
Thou far from home, and me, art wandring o're
The *Alpine* Snows, the fartheſt Weſtern ſhore,

The

The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet
Ah, gently, gently, leaſt thy tender feet
Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely arms ;
The Northern cold relents not at their charms :
Away I'le go into ſome ſhady Bowers,
And ſing the Songs I made in happier hours,
And charm my woes. How can I better chuſe,
Then amongſt wildeſt Woods my ſelf to loſe,
And carve our Loves upon the tender Trees,
There they will thrive ? See how my love agrees,
With the young Plants : look how they grow (together,
In ſpight of Abſence, and in ſpight of Weather.
Mean while, I'le climb that Rock, and ramble o're
Yon wooddy Hill ; I'le chaſe the grizly Boar,
I'le find *Diana*'s and her Nymphs reſort ;
No Froſts, no Storms, ſhall ſlack my eager Sport.
Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
And hollow ſounding Woods : look how my Locks

Are

Are torn with Boughs & Thorns; my Shafts are gone
My legs are tir'd, and all my ſport is done.
Alas! this is no cure for my Diſeaſe;
Nor can our toils that angry God appeaſe. (more,
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can pleaſe me
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:
No ſport, no labour, can divert my grief:
Without *Licoris* there is no relief.
Though I ſhould drink up *Hebers* Icie Streams,
Or *Scythian* Snows, yet ſtill her fiery beams
Would ſcorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
Love conquers all, and we muſt yield to Love.

FINIS.

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